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THE NEW YORKER

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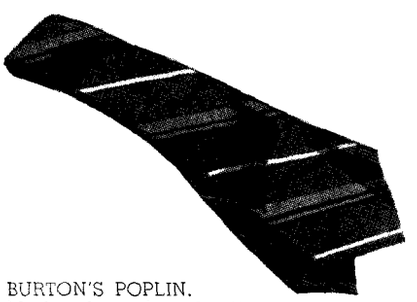

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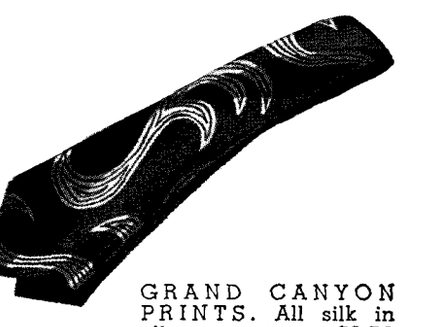

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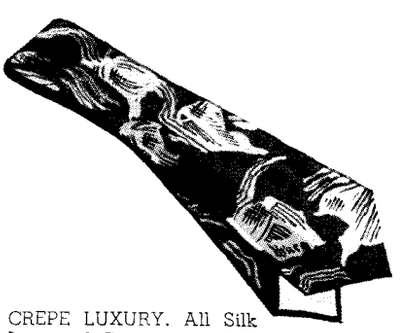

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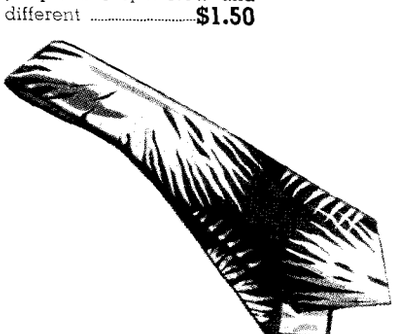

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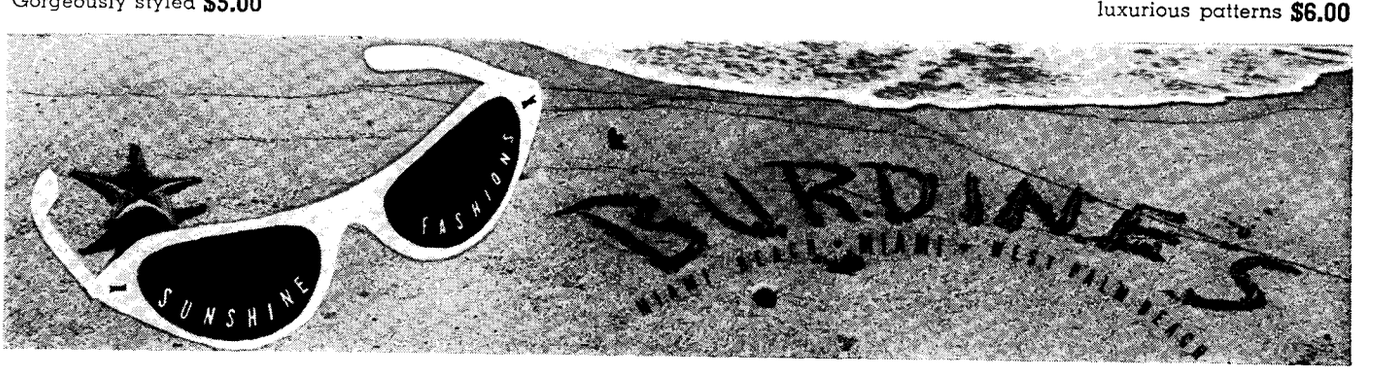

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised to take advantage of expected Lincoln's Birthday business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's fine, effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Clash by Night—Tallulah Bankhead in Clifford Odets' somewhat disappointing play about some domestic difficulties on Staten Island. With Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb, and Katherine Locke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 7.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Jason—A playwright teaches a critic to love his fellow-man and then spoils it all by trying to seduce his wife. Highly implausible but fairly entertaining. With Alexander Knox and Nicholas Conte. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

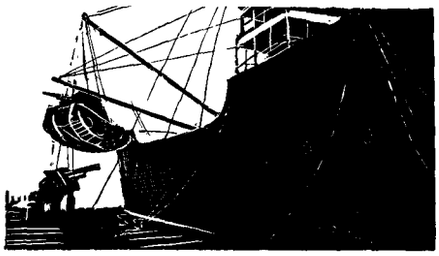
Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in an excellent revival of Shakespeare's best detective story. Margaret Webster's staging is brilliant. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Papa Is All—Dialect comedy about a Pennsylvania Dutchman who goes after his family with a bullwhip. Pretty slight, although the Guild has given it a nice production. With Jessie Royce Landis, Carl Benton Reid, and Celeste Holm. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., Sat., and Sun.)

The Rivals—R. B. Sheridan's old comedy revived by the Guild for some reason or other. Except for Bobby Clark, nothing much comes of it. The cast includes Mary Boland, Walter Hampden, and Philip Bourneuf. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Solitaire—A little girl and a tramp with a pet rat talk about Life, but John van Druten's adaptation of the Corle novel is much better than that sounds. Pat Hitchcock and Victor Kilian have the leading rôles. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Spring Again—Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all very fine in a fairly comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon., except Feb. 9, through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; special Mat. Wed., Feb. 11.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story of a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—A musical version of "Three Men on a Horse" which hasn't a great deal to recommend it except size and Eddie Cantor. Audrey Christie, Lionel Stander, and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being quite exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat., also Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Cheryl Crawford's production, with most of the original cast, is a delight in every way. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Flowers of Virtue—A comedy by Marc Connelly, with Frank Craven and Isobel Elsom. Staged by Mr. Connelly and produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Feb. 5. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

They Should Have Stood in Bed—A farce by Leo Rifkin, Frank Tarloff, and David Shaw, with Leo-Roi Operti, Grant Richards, and Tony Canzoneri. Staged by Luther Adler and produced by Sam H. Grisman and Alex H. Cohen. Opens Mon., Feb. 9. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Mon. through Sat., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 11, and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12.)

Heart of a City—A play by Lesley Storm, with Beverly Roberts, Romney Brent, and Margot Grahame. Staged and produced by Gilbert Miller. Opens Thurs., Feb. 12. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Comic Opera Company presenting "The Mikado," following preliminary performances by the Jooss Ballet of "The Big City" and "A Ball in Old Vienna": Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Feb. 12. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 5-7; "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 12-14; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—First performance of the season by this Spanish dancer, who will appear with her company: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:45. (Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55. CO 5-9089.)

Martha Graham—Presenting "Punch and the Judy" and "Letter to the World": Mon. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Assisted by their company in "Decade": Sat. Afts., Feb. 7 and 14, at 4, and Sun. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande and his orchestra are playing in the Trianon Room.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis in a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras and handsome surroundings.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers

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songs by Ella Logan and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays in the perennial Persian Room, where there's also a singer and a dance team.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Elsie Houston and Charles Weidman are appearing in this lofty lookout. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a small show, with songs by Frances Mercer and with Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart playing two-piano pieces. Paul Sparr's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, there's John Hoysradt pretending he's famous people. Ernie Holst's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Billy de Wolfe heads the big show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The antic Hartmans are dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Freddy Martin's orchestra is around all evening and, beginning Thurs., Feb. 12, Dinah Shore will be there too.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the Revuers are on hand, and so, as usual, is Spivy. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of place, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari, the dancers, and Romo Vincent. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Mathey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Enric Madriguera's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra will be replaced by Jimmy Dorsey's on Mon., Feb. 9. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): atmosphere of the period, of course, and community singing, but no dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for such folk singers as Huddy Ledbetter and Joshua White. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. . . . **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best colored musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the King Cole Trio, Sabby Lewis's orchestra, and sawdust on the floor.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **Kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **Club Gaucho**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Baroque Painting—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has had an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Berman—Recent paintings and drawings, in an exhibition opening Julien Levy's new gallery at 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

Blakelock—A few great pieces in a show that includes many little-known examples of his early work: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

Brand—Crisp, cleanly done water colors and drawings, mainly of Italy and France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Large and well-selected exhibition of works by Mount and Quidor, those early-nineteenth-century American painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

Corbino—Lush, Rubensesque paintings, with especial emphasis on circus performers: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Du Bois—New paintings, rather freer in style and less slick in outline than his previous work: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

English Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Forbes—First showing since 1935 of oils by an artist who likes massive forms and handles them solidly and successfully: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

French—At the **Lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 7. . . . **Allison**, 32 E. 57: etchings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, from Corot and Millet to Picasso and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . **French Art**, 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Dufy, Chagall, and Utrillo, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . **Matisse**, 41 E. 57: figure painting in modern art, with a fine Picasso leading the list of examples. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Vlaminck and Dufy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21. . . . **Bignou**, 32 E. 57: thirty paintings and gouaches by Dufy and Lurçat. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

French and American—Modern paintings and antique objets d'art arranged in settings designed to show the affinities between past and present. The paintings themselves are magnificent, the arrangements occasionally less so. Degas, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sloan, and Kroll are among those represented: Kelekian, 20 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Goodelman—Sculptures by an artist who combines originality of approach with a sound sense of plastic values: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

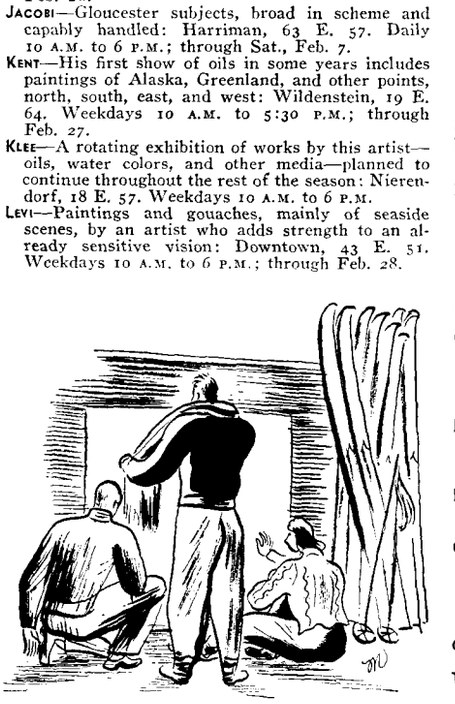
Groups—At **Raymond & Raymond**, 40 E. 52: membership showing of water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Many good things. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 24. . . . **Milch**, 108 W. 57: works by eighteen contemporary Americans, all from this gallery, including Etnier, Laufman, and Kroll. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Jacobi—Gloucester subjects, broad in scheme and capably handled: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

Kent—His first show of oils in some years includes paintings of Alaska, Greenland, and other points, north, south, east, and west: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

Klee—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Levi—Paintings and gouaches, mainly of seaside scenes, by an artist who adds strength to an already sensitive vision: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.



Lipchitz—Recent sculptures by a onetime abstractionist now turned baroque: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors. The Museum's permanent collection of Rembrandt paintings, prints, and drawings is being shown in its entirety for the first time. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 29.

Mondrian—Paintings and drawings from 1906 to the present, in a retrospective of this important Dutch artist's work: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Paintings and sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

Myers—Water colors, pastels, and drawings by a man who made the East Side scene his province: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The new building recently opened with a big retrospective, mostly of past members' works, that is all-inclusive historically and generally depressing as art. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, still centred principally on the New Mexican desert country: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

Sepeshy—A painter known principally for his work in tempera shows some well-handled landscapes in water color: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Van Gogh—An exhibition of eleven paintings, all superlative and including three never shown here before; a Red Cross benefit: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 7.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—American water-color painting from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present, covered with commendable, if occasionally exhausting, thoroughness. Tues. through Sun., 12 noon to 4 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

Wilson—First one-man exhibition by an Ohio painter who uses a deliberately naïve approach with considerable skill in depicting Midwestern scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

Here and There—At the **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56: copies by Sarkis Katchadourian of cave paintings in India and Ceylon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . **Contemporary Arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings by this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 16. . . . **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: wood sculptures by John Rood. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . **Zborowski**, 61 E. 57: oils by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **Kleemann**, 38 E. 57: oils and drawings by Elliot Orr. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **Associated American Artists'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Donald Gelb. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 9. . . . **Pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: oils and gouaches by A. F. Levinson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 21. . . . **MacDowell Club**, 166 E. 73: oils, water colors, and sketches by Gifford Beal. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22. . . . **Weyhe**, 794 Lexington, at 61: animals in art, from Goya to Picasso. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Fritz Busch conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 8, at 3. Goossens conducting, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 14, at 8:45. (Soloists: Adolf Busch, Feb. 7-8; Heifetz, Feb. 12-13.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:30; soloist, Feuermann.

Mozart String Sinfonietta—Sontag conducting; soloist, Kisch-Arndt: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30. (For tickets, call EN 2-4455.)

New York City Symphony—Beecham conducting: soloists, Bate and Primrose: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45.

Capital University Choir—A Columbus, Ohio, group presenting a benefit program for Lutheran war relief; soloist, Kurt Baum: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Alexander Brailowsky, Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30.

Town Hall—Gerald Tracy, Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 3; Lotte Lehmann (New Friends of Music), Sun.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Aft., Feb. 8, at 5:30; Anton Rovinsky, Sun. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:30; Doda Conrad and Miecio Horszowski, Mon. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30; Grace Moore, Wed. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:30.

ELSEWHERE—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: League of Composers concert, at which Aaron Copland will comment on a showing of excerpts from Hollywood films with music by Antheil, Gruenberg, Toch, and others; Sun. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:30. (For tickets, write to League of Composers, 113 W. 57.) . . . JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE, 221 E. 71: lecture-recital, with Olin Downes and Edward Kilenyi; Wed. Morn., Feb. 11, at 11. (BU 8-6220.) . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12: swing-music lecture-recital, with Robert Goffin and Benny Goodman; Wed. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:20. (AL 4-2567.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Un Ballo in Maschera," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5; "Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Feb. 6; "Samson et Dalila," Fri. Eve., Feb. 6; "Tosca," Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, and Fri. Eve., Feb. 13; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Feb. 7; "Lohengrin," Mon. Eve., Feb. 9; "La Bohème," Wed. Eve., Feb. 11; "Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 12; "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 12; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Feb. 14; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Eve., Feb. 14. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Sammy Angott vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 6; Tony Zale vs. Billy Conn, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 5; Brooklyn Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., Feb. 8; Rangers vs. Chicago, Tues., Feb. 10. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., Feb. 8, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat., Feb. 7, at 8 P.M.

WINTER SPORTS—Dartmouth Winter Sports Tournament (competition, but no carnival this year): Hanover, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 6-7. . . . Eastern amateur downhill, slalom, and combined championships: Stowe, Vt., Sat. and Sun., Feb. 14-15.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOWS—The Westminster Kennel Club's sixty-sixth annual event; a Red Cross benefit: Madison Square Garden, Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 11-12, from 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. . . . Associated Terrier Clubs: Grand Central Palace, Sun., Feb. 8, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1872: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through May 3.

PLANETARIUM—The February lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is called "Waves from Space" and shows how the composition of a star can be determined by a study of its light. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Photographs, plans, and models showing the work that has been done in developing the central part of Washington as a national showplace: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 14.

SCALE MODELS—At the SOCIETY OF MODEL ENGINEERS, 152 W. 42: miniature trains, ships, airplanes, and such in the annual show of work by members and other amateurs. Fri., Feb. 6, through Mon., Feb. 23. Sat. and holidays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 5:30 to 10 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 10 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 14.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women in Europe and America wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

BENEFIT—Supper dance and bridge tournament at the home of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, 640 5 Ave., at 51, to aid the Red Cross. (For tickets, call EL 5-2685.)

ON THE AIR—"Tosca," with Grace Moore; from the Metropolitan Opera House: Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Busch conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 8, at 3, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper and William Hillman, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Eric Sevareid, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Afts. at 2:30, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 3:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ.

TELEVISION: A series of air-raid defense programs will be shown Mon. Eves. at 8, over WNBT.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Early American and English furniture and decorations, owned by H. S. Hinkle and others: Fri. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2. . . . Eighteenth-century French furniture and objects of art, collected by Mrs. Samuel Schiffer: Sat. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2. . . . Chinese jades, porcelains, bronzes, and other Oriental art, from the collections of Mrs. Ethel Gunton Douglas, Mrs. A. B. Jacobson, Emil Baerwald, and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 11-12, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—Paintings by Van Dyck, Clouet, Perugino, and other old masters, from Baron de Miraval's collection and other sources: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold are among those involved in this excellent adaptation of Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the Faustian fable of old New Hampshire. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Feb. 6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Mon., Feb. 9. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 6-9.)

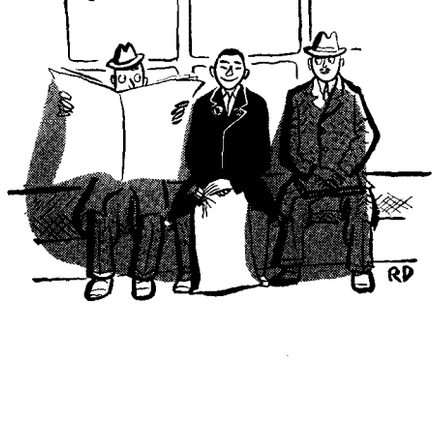
FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, now trimmed a bit and still doing very well for itself. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young in a screen version of the Marquand novel that has the proper refinement and deliberation of pace and may somewhat bewilder persons who don't understand Back Bay and Beacon Hill. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Sat. through Wed., Feb. 7-11.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN—Interesting and romantic sketch of life in a Mexican border town, where the immigration problem keeps things stirring. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 8-11.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—A deadly solemn but honest and aspiring film of the miners in the Welsh collieries. With Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Feb. 11. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 6-9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 11-12.)

KINGS ROW—An adult story, well written and firmly acted. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Claude Rains, and a generally fine cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)



LABURNUM GROVE—Edmund Gwenn, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in a screen adaptation of the play about the respectable family man who took a turn at counterfeiting. Unusual and with its interest. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 10-12.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—Grim but on the grand scale, the movie version of Lillian Hellman's play of avarice in the Deep South is a triumph. With Bette Davis, in her cruellest mood, and also Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 7-9.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in a film that follows the Kaufman-Hart stage comedy almost word for word. Lively, of course. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs., Feb. 5.)

SERGEANT YORK—The extremely able sketch of the last war and of the Tennessee mountain community which produced the celebrated noncom. With Gary Cooper. (77th Street, B'way at 77; tentative, through Mon., Feb. 9.)

SON OF FURY—A sprightly costume piece, full of scuffling and adventure, in the grand old style. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power at their best. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 11.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—An indifferent Preston Sturges picture, which still means a pretty good picture. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

SUSPICION—A polished, almost gentle treatment of Francis Iles' very pretty story of murder and marriage, with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Feb. 6. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 6-8.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—The R.A.F. account of a raid upon a German town and how it is managed, from the take-off to the return landing. Impressive and sober and, if anything, far too brief. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 6-9. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 10-11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 10-12.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a comedy, which you may or may not like, about a sportswriter who marries a career girl. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "The Story of a Cheat," now with English dialogue. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 5.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., Feb. 5.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues., Feb. 10.)

HIGH SIERRA (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 8-10.)

THE HOSTAGES (1940)—French life during the last war. Formerly called "The Mayor's Dilemma." (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Feb. 5.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 7-9.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 10-11.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 11-12.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 11-12.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 10-11.)

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT (1936)—Russian film of the 1919 civil war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 6-7.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 10-11.)

NOTE—At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, a series of documentary shorts made before the United States entered the war—"Bomber," "Eyes of the Navy," "Safeguarding Military Information," "Fire Prevention and Control," and "Tanks"—will be shown daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.), Sun., Feb. 8, through Sat., Feb. 14. . . . A series of short British films on civilian defense is shown there on Wed. at 3, 6:30, and 9 P.M., on other weekdays at 3 P.M., and on Sun. at 1 P.M.

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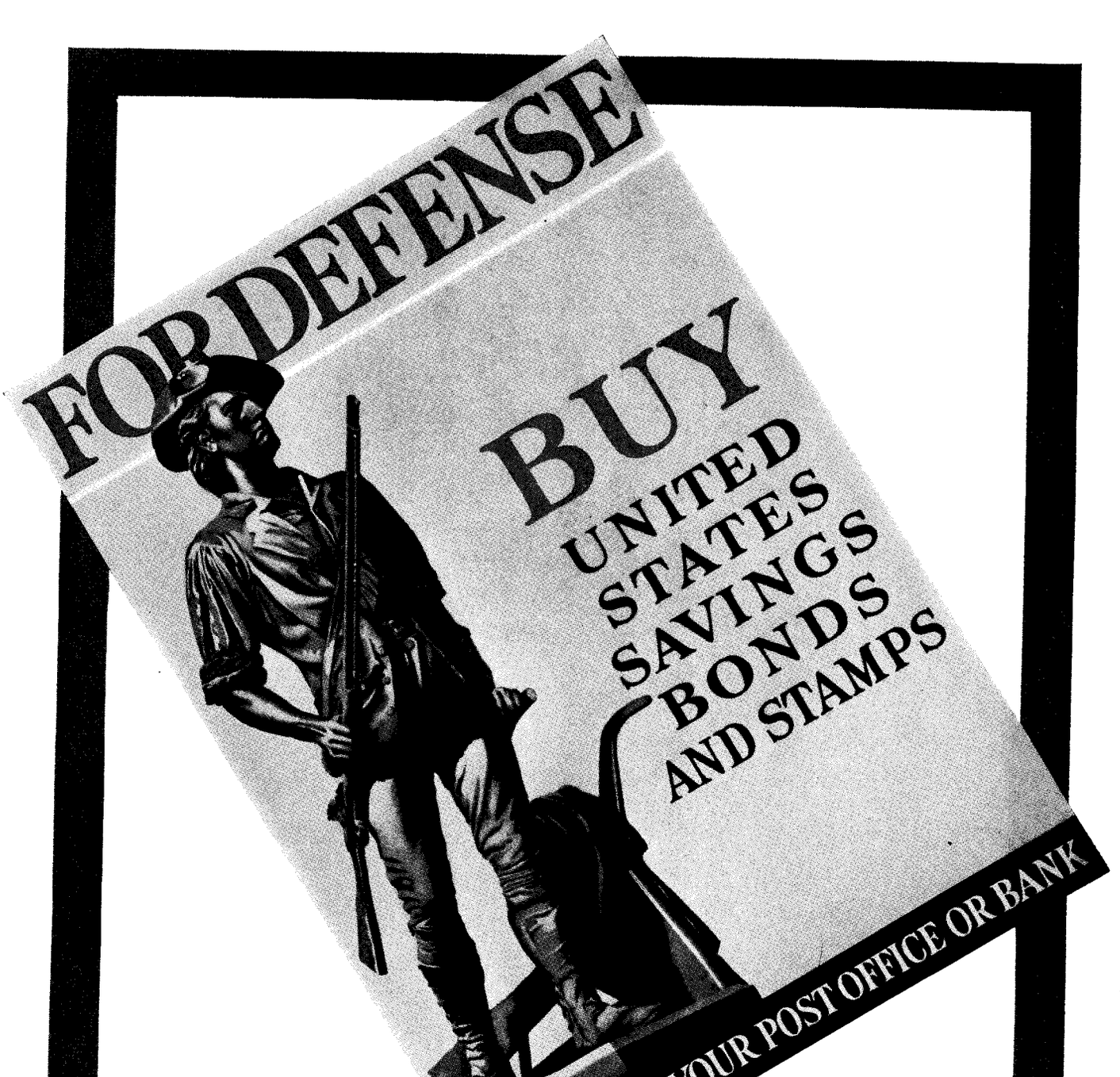

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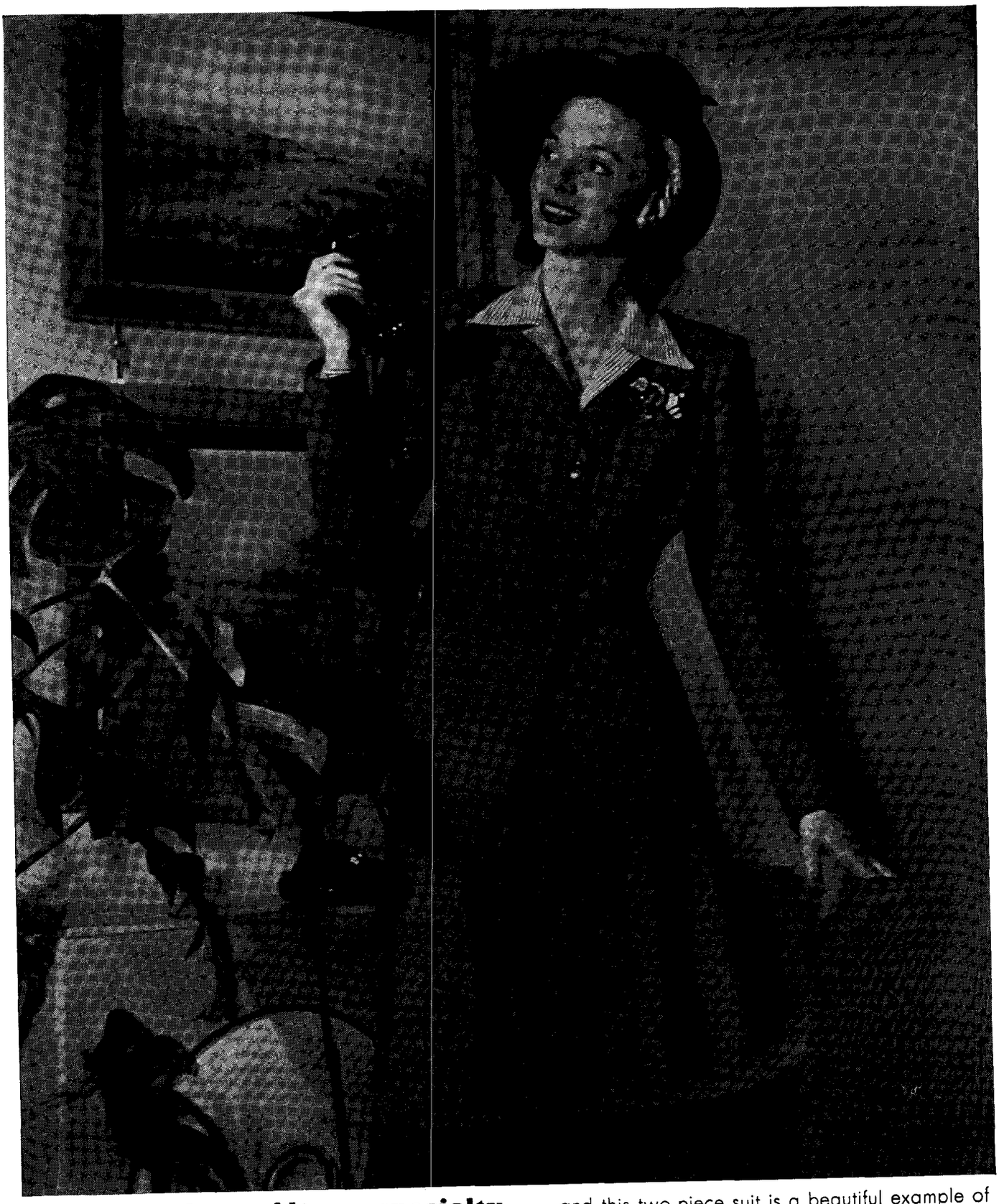

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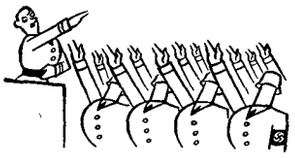
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY now and then we go back to "Mein Kampf," just to check the progress of the war against the Führer's dream of it. We did this last week, skipping around in the section devoted to Eastern policy, and at least two comments we found there had, it seemed to us, a timely quality. Discussing Russia's value as a possible ally, the boss observed that the Soviets would soon "completely drop out . . . as a technical factor in the struggle." "Russia," he said, "can still not call its own a single factory in which can be manufactured a motor vehicle that really runs. Thus the fact of the conclusion of a treaty . . . would be the end of Germany." The other note had to do with Japan. Here Hitler's vision was of an Anglo-Japanese pact directed against the United States. "England would be doomed were she to stand alone," he wrote. "Hence they anxiously reach out for the yellow fist and cling to an alliance which, viewed racially, is perhaps irresponsible, but which, nevertheless, politically offers the sole possibility of reinforcing the British world position in the face of the aspiring American continent." Nice prophesying, kid, we murmured, and picked up our paper, which dealt that day with a Russian gain of sixty-two miles in the Ukraine and various Anglo-American conspiracies against the little Aryan brothers.

ONE of the minor curiosities of this war is the fact that so far the artists have failed to produce anything recognizable as the typical German soldier. It was different, of course, in 1917. We were looking over a collection of old cartoons the other day, and there he was on almost every page—a fat-necked barbarian, wearing a spiked helmet and decorated with the Iron Cross; a monstrous baby with disgusting habits. No matter who drew him, he was always the same: his name was Fritz and the balloon that issued from his mouth contained vaudeville Dutch. He was drawn in many poses but most frequently either with one hobnailed boot on the body of a beautiful young woman labelled "Belgium" or else in comic surrender to a contemptuous athlete with a bayonet. We look in vain for any such foolish, reassuring composite today. The artists still draw Germans, but there is no agreement among them and out of all the faces comes no face at all. It occurs to us that the faceless



men, the blank symbols of a race that has surrendered its identity, are better propaganda than the Hun at his bloodthirsty worst. They may even be a healthy symptom, indicating that we are outgrowing our political age of innocence.

WE New Yorkers are a lovable, sunny-tempered people, totally lacking in the capacity to get scared and stay scared in any constructive way. After spending the better part of a month purchasing flashlights, sleeping bags, phosphorescent doorknobs, commodes, portable radios, yard goods, and other "blackout supplies," we found ourselves

spiritually prepared not for an air raid but for Newbold Morris's calm announcement that, since Manhattan Island is outlined by water and thus unmistakable from the air, there is no use in blacking it out. We think, if anyone cares to hear what we think, that Morris is absolutely right. Military objectives are as dark as a pocket anyway, in the ordinary way of things—pierheads, warehouses, and the like—and if the brave glow of a bar-and-grill succeeds in diverting a Nazi bomber from his true objective, the bombed-out topers should be delighted. Manhattan's best protection against air raids is not blacked-out streets but the baffling fact that if you walk, or fly, due west from the East River, you come to the North River. We are confident that this will reduce the German navigators to a state of utter helplessness, and that the bombs, if any, will flop harmlessly in the bogs of New Jersey.

A FRIEND of ours who reviews movies for a living strode into the hotel lobby where we sometimes go to sit at dusk, beating sleet off his hatbrim and grinning all over. He told us he'd just been to see the much-talked-of film in which Donald Duck pays his income tax. "Good?" we asked, indulgently. "Definitely recommended," he said. "It was," he added, consulting a press release that he pulled from his ulster pocket, "a Walt Disney-Treasury Department Donald Duck Production. That's official." Over a couple of duty-free domestic apéritifs, we agreed that a nation whose Treasury Department could sponsor (or, to be exact, co-sponsor, with secondary billing) a Donald Duck Production could never lose a war of nerves.

THE Nazis, people who, we sometimes feel, have a tendency to overreach themselves, were recently reported to favor the establishment of worldwide prohibition. Considering that they also seem to be in favor of first winning the war and then managing the affairs of everybody, including us, we cannot help admiring their pluck. The awful prospect of trying to enforce prohibition in the United States is something which only the Nazis could face without cringing, and even though they could

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we cannot believe that any patriotic and reliable secret agent of theirs has given them fair warning. The average American under prohibition (his memo might have said) is secret, devious, adept in the use of signals and passwords, and immensely resourceful about meeting clandestinely with his fellows. He is also capable of phenomenal physical and nervous endurance under the most exacting circumstances, and will undertake any rash experiment in order to flout the authorities, toward whom his characteristic behavior is coarsely humorous. His persistence in these activities and his enjoyment of them are monumental. He is, in short, enrolled at the click of the first padlock in a vast and energetic underground movement devoted solely to enabling him to do exactly as he pleases. He always succeeds. For God's sake, leave him alone!

Competition

A HIGH-POWERED orator we know was told off by one of the war charities to get a convention of undertakers to come across with a little something. Just before the meeting was called to order, the chairman took our friend aside and said, "Now, don't expect too much from the boys. Business has been very bad lately." Our friend said politely that he was sorry to hear it, and added that he had always thought that particular business maintained a constant level. "Oh, no," the other man sighed. "*Thousands* of people who should be dead are walking around today—that sulfanilamide, you know."

Short-Order Minstrel

THIS is by way of a checkup on a peculiar project of Fred Waring, the band-leader. For the past two years and more, except during the ASCAP blackout, he has been composing and playing on the radio, at the inexorable rate of one a week, football or alma-mater songs for colleges that request them. Requests are handled on an impersonal, first-come-first-served basis, except that Waring feels he owes it to his national hookup not to do songs for institutions in the same state in successive weeks. Waring has created for Pat Ballard, one of his right-hand men, the office of Director of the Department of College Relations, and as soon as a college has written in and has been placed on the list, Ballard and a staff of three assistants get to work rounding up traditions, personality stuff, information about long-standing rivals, etc. This is collected in a dossier and filed away. When the college reaches the head of the list, Ballard and Waring get together, three days before the broadcast, and bat out a song of the type desired. Appeals for football "fight" numbers outweigh those for high-flown alma maters ten to one. First they do the words, then they get a melody, then they turn both over to an arranger. "If it's a beautiful alma mater, we get in our arranger for beautiful stuff," Ballard informed us. "If it's a hell-raiser, we have a man for that, too." We timidly inquired if a number had ever refused to shape up in time for the broadcast. "We've had one or two turkeys," Ballard told us. "That is, they'd be turkeys to you and me. A school song is never a turkey to a college man."

This song factory, which absorbs some eight hundred dollars a week of the broadcast sponsor's money, came about with no planning. In September, 1939, Waring got a letter from a classmate at Pennsylvania State who was coaching football at Colby College complaining of Colby's lack of a football song and asking Waring to write one. Waring good-naturedly got up a lyric, fitted it to the tune of "My Dream of the U.S.A.," and played the song on his next broadcast. He didn't offer to do any others; as it turned out, an offer wasn't necessary. Rider College wrote in—that is, some members of the student body—and Waring did them a fairly stirring march, "Ride on with Rider." Since then, he's been up to his baton in requests. C.C.N.Y. has a Waring song; so do Akron University, Minnesota, Nebraska, Temple, Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College, and Fenn ("Hail to Fenn"). Wofford and Heidelberg College are on the waiting list. Nobody knows where this will end, if at all.

Ballard and Waring admit candidly that doing college songs isn't as tough as it sounds, because the interested listeners are disarmed by memories of their college years. Their approach is generally to work the pet name of the team into an acceptable simile, then flail away at the idea for the requisite number of verses: "Golden Bears [Baylor] are higher ratin' because they're never hibernatin';" "The Game Cocks of South Carolina U. can fight like a rooster, they can thrill ev'ry fan and booster." Students at the Texas College of Mines were urged to "dig, dig, dig for T.C.M." in a song which also contained this deathless couplet:

Fight 'em hard and show 'em who's boss around these diggins;
Never let the score report a loss to Dr. Wiggins.

Only one college has ever complained of a Waring job, and in this case he pleads extenuating circumstances. It is the case of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry. The research dug up nothing but negative facts: the optometrists had no campus, no teams, no athletic traditions. We think Waring did about as well as could be expected:

Tho' we have no athletics and no letter for a sweater,
When it comes to scholarship, no school could be much better.
For over twenty years P.S.C.O. has held her classes,
And her graduates are famous for their skill at fitting glasses.

Homework

WHILE motoring through New Rochelle last Sunday, a girl we know pulled up at a red light just behind a Westchester Parkway police car and saw the Law toss a well-thumbed magazine into the street. She was pleased, but hardly surprised, to see that it was a *Dick Tracy Comic Book*.

For Sale

WHETHER or not you saw the following classified ad in the *Times* a week or so ago, you've got to admit it's a teaser: "WILL DISPOSE INCA (CHILD) MUMMY, possibly only one in U.S.A., for cash; immediate. CHelsea 3-5902. Interested persons only." Being an interested person, we put in a call and got a wholesale vegetable house, which knew nothing about any mummy. Checking with the *Times*, we found that the right number was CHelsea 3-5908 and soon after that we were talking to Mr. Lyman Chatfield, of 10 Bank Street, who owns at this writing a twenty-two-inch mummy of

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"From the halls of Montezoo-ooma,
To the shores of Trip-oli,
We fight our country's baa-attles,
On the land as on the sea . . ."

• •

indeterminate sex, said by the Curator of Archeology of the University of Lima and Mr. John Wise of the Wise Galleries in New York to date back to the twelfth or thirteenth century.

Mr. Chatfield invited us to come down and have a gander at this curio, and so we did. Mr. Chatfield, a rugged man of over six feet, was in his shirtsleeves when he opened the door for us and the mummy was in a wooden box under a sofa. Its owner hauled it out for us, and we found ourself face to face with a small object wrapped in a furry substance. Well, not face to face, exactly, since the upper end of the mummy was covered by a mask made of some kind of mud or plaster, and all that was visible of the original young Inca was a couple of locks of hair and two toes. The fur is vicuña wool, Mr. Chatfield told us. "I got the thing in 1916," he said further. "I'm a mining engineer, and I was doing some work in northern Chile when a friend of mine asked me to look at some lime deposits he was interested in. Out of appreciation he gave me two mummies he happened to have. One of them, a young lady, I opened up on the boat coming back, and it fell apart. I had to throw it into the ocean. I don't know anything about these things."

Mr. Chatfield went on to say that he had been an Army captain in the last war and may be called up at any time in this one, so his wife asked him to find another home for his treasure. "I'd like to get something out of it," he told us. "When I brought it back in 1916, I turned it over to a friend at Southern Methodist University and it was on display there right up to a couple of weeks ago, when Mr. Wise of the Wise Galleries heard about it and said he'd like to see it. I had it shipped up to him, and he looked at it. Says it's very unusual, maybe the only reclining Inca mummy in the country. Most Inca mummies are sitting up. Dr. Wissler, at the Museum of Natural History, says he'd be very glad to borrow it for exhibition, but it's been on exhibition for twenty-six years."

When we talked to him, Mr. Chatfield had had half a dozen inquiries in answer to his ad. New York University phoned and a girl student of N.Y.U. said she might refer to the mummy in her thesis. A man who said he was a jeweller mentioned an exhibit he had in mind for Coney Island which might have room for a mummy. None of these prospects showed more than a tentative interest. "I'd like to get something out of it," Mr. Chatfield remarked again. He said he was asking two hundred dollars, but we got an idea you could have it for less.

Exhortation

THIS one's on the Office of Civilian Defense, and we hope they don't mind. During the first few days we were in the war, as LaGuardia was tearing back from California, the OCD headquarters at Washington decided to rush through a batch of posters aimed at

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instructing civilians about air raids. After due deliberation, they settled on the following slogan:

When the Siren Sounds
Get Off the Street
Get Under Cover
Turn Out the Lights
STAND FIRM, AMERICA!

A minor clerk with an editorial eye stopped this composition just before it started its tortuous and unalterable course through the Government Printing Office. The OCD reconsidered and killed it.

Miscellaneous Dogs

ON the theory that few visitors to the Dog Show would be personally acquainted with all the breeds in the Miscellaneous Group, we skirmished around and dug up some information about these creatures. For purposes of cataloguing and judging, you know, the American Kennel Club divides dogs into six groups—Hounds, Terriers, Working Dogs, Sporting Dogs, Toy Dogs, and Non-Sporting Dogs. A miscellaneous dog is one as yet without any established affiliations with any of these groups. The Miscellaneous Group in this year's Dog Show at Madison Square Garden will include Australian terriers, Australian kelpies, Australian sheep dogs, Rhodesian lion hounds, Spinoni Italiani, Basenji, Border collies, Russian Owtchar, German Drahthaar, Weimaraner, and Chinese crested dogs. This haphazard little group will be judged, somehow or other, by a brave man named Joseph C. Quirk.

The Australian dogs are all fairly new breeds, the only indigenous Australian dog being the dingo, which was running wild when the whites got there and still is. The Australian terrier is not unlike a Yorkshire terrier, only it is short-haired. The Australian sheep dog is a biggish, smooth-haired number useful in handling cattle. Kelpies are part dingo and part Scotch collie; they look like small, smooth collies. The name comes from that of an early specimen who passed on to his descendant his quality of being helpful around sheep. The Rhodesian lion hound originated in Rhodesia, where it used to help hunt lions. It's a retriever-like animal about the size of a Chesapeake. Lion-hunting being now forbidden by statute in Rhodesia, it acts as a watchdog on farms. The Border collie is the special pet of English farmers, but is not so finely bred as Scotch collies. Spinoni Italiani are Italian hunting dogs, so named for their willingness to jump into *spinoni*, thorny underbrush, to chase out game. Basenji, as we once related in a lecture on the subject in these columns, are barkless dogs from the Belgian Congo; they are built like fox terriers, have brown coats, and are thought to have lost their bark from generations of silent game-stalking in the jungle.

The Russian Owtchar is an honorable old breed of rough-coated sheep dog, of European origin. The German Drahthaar is a dog moderately well established in the Midwest, where it is known as a versatile retriever and pointer; it looks like a wire-haired pointer. Weimaraner are intelligent German pointers with long muzzles, small ears, fawn-colored coats, and violet stripes on their faces; striking fellows. The Chinese crested dog is very much like the Mexican hairless; its coat has dwindled away to a crest of silver hair between its ears, exposing practically all of its blue-and-yellow hide. The Chinese crested dog has the distinction of being one of the few dogs at Madison Square Garden with any record as a table delicacy. The Chinese used to eat them.

Bundles for Shaw

THE following little story, about Alexander Woollcott's recent dip into the war in England, is possibly apocryphal, but you know how stories are. It is certainly a fact that Woollcott took over with him several suitcases filled with articles now scarce in London and generously doled them out to his friends there. One day, the story goes, he got word that Bernard Shaw would be glad to see him, or at any rate *would* see him. Rushing to his suitcases, to select a suitable gift for the old fellow, he found that all he had left was bacon and safety-razor blades. He had to persuade a lady to whom he had given chocolates to swap them back for bacon. Shaw got the chocolates, and the story ends happily, with both his beard and vegetarianism intact.

The Admiral's Chair

NOW, here is an item about a distinguished naval man who, among many other things, is, in both senses of the word, the Waldorf-Astoria's oldest resident—Rear Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske, U.S.N., retired, who is close to

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eighty-eight years of age and has lived in the present Waldorf ever since it was opened for business. Matter of fact, that isn't all the story. Admiral Fiske checked into the *old* Waldorf ten years after his retirement from active service in 1916; he lived there until it closed down and then waited fretfully in the Commodore for the new one to open up. These days Admiral Fiske doesn't venture out of the hotel at all. He comes down to Peacock Alley every morning after breakfast and sits there until toward dinnertime, leaving it only to go to lunch in one of the restaurants, where a table is reserved for him. His Peacock Alley armchair is reserved for him, too, and bears a sign to that effect.

We called on Admiral Fiske one afternoon last week, but before doing so we read up briefly on his career, which marks him as one of the notable naval inventors of all time. He was born in Lyons, New York, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874, second in his class, and first smelled powder at Manila Bay as a lieutenant on the gunboat Petrel. Dewey cited him for gallantry. In addition to putting in a full term of active service, he found time to invent a hundred and thirty-odd improvements to naval equipment, the most far-reaching being the telescopic sight for ships' guns, which, we gathered, is now used on every warship in the world, and the torpedoplane.

When we found Admiral Fiske in Peacock Alley he was occupying his armchair, reading P. G. Wodehouse's "My Man Jeeves," and smoking a cork-tipped cigarette. He was sprucely dressed in a blue suit, white shirt, and bow tie, and we couldn't help remarking that he didn't look his age. "It's my complexion," he said. "I got it from my father." Wodehouse, he explained to us, was by way of change from his customary literary fare, the works of Charles Dickens. "The language's greatest writer," he observed, with naval decisiveness. He added that he has read "The Pickwick Papers" fourteen times.

Marking his place in "Jeeves" with a picture postcard, Admiral Fiske told us that the idea for the telescopic sight came to him more than fifty years ago, when he was a lieutenant. His ship, which had the old open sights of that day, was returning from gunnery practice when he happened to raise his telescope to his eye and picked up several fishing schooners. He had the sudden impish thought that it would be easy to sink them all if the guns of his ship were sighted through a telescope. Not long after, in 1890, he took out the first of several patents on telescopic sights. It was a great joke among his messmates and for a time he thought he was crazy, or at least misguided. The first test of his invention was a failure, but the second, six months later, was a convincing success. Admiral Fiske first thought of the possibilities of the torpedoplane in 1910 while brooding over the problem of defending the Philippines. He reasoned that if airplanes got bigger, a group of them, based on one or more of the many Philippine Islands, could be fitted out to carry torpedoes and attack any invading fleet. In 1912 he noticed that planes *were* getting bigger and worked out a device to accomplish his purpose. He recalls that he remarked sweepingly at the time that he had invented not only a new weapon but a new method of warfare. In the cold light of 1942, he seems to have made no overstatement. We asked the Admiral if his theory was that of the British at Taranto and, more recently, of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, and he said yes, that was his theory exactly. As we left the Admiral, we asked him the inevitable question, "How long do you think the war will last?" "How the hell would I know?" said he, reasonably, returning to Jeeves.

One Woman's Job

SYRACUSE seems to be digging into its home-defense job with a good will, and with a thoroughness that may be judged from an incident reported by one of our roving informants. A conservative lady of the elder generation there, who doesn't smoke or use nail varnish and belongs to the D.A.R., took stock of her situation and decided to volunteer to go on a full-time basis. They welcomed her at defense headquarters and told her that they knew *just* the job for her. Somebody was needed to stand in the Greyhound Bus station, argue nickels out of travellers, and use the nickels to play "I Am an American" on the juke box.

"Now, now, Madam. Pull yourself together and tell me all about it."

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THE OPINIONS OF HALLOWELL BUNTY

(Not to Be Confused with Those of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks)

MY friend Hallowell Bunty, who died last year, was a humorist of some persistence. He had, as he himself put it, "been at it 'from the word "Go!"' " His theories about the function, or *Amtsverrichtung*, of humor in relation to the total content of literature were, I suppose, somewhat unorthodox. He had always been an admirer of the late Petroleum V. Nasby, feeling him to be in the great tradition, if not, indeed, one of its founders, but he could never quite bring himself to agree with Nasby's dictum that "yewmer iz wot kawzez peepul 2 laff." This seemed to him rather too drastic a simplification. "I am inclined to think that there is more to it than that," he wrote in his "Journal." "Humor, as nearly as I can define it, is social criticism in red woollen underwear." Somewhere else he wrote, "All emotions are visceral. The idea that tears come from the heart and laughter from the belly is merely a testimony to the arrogance of poets." In the course of his life he must have made at least a thousand attempts to identify the comic spirit. None of them ever quite satisfied him, but he never gave up.

PHYSICALLY, Bunty was a small man of a somewhat anemic aspect. He had a thin, wispy mustache, which he once explained was the invariable badge of his calling. "A humorist without a little hair on his upper lip is as unthinkable as a fat Hamlet," he said. His mode of life was also somewhat meagre. He had a single room on the sixth floor of a hotel in the East Fifties, which he left only late at night, muffled to the eyes. The explanation of this unusual behavior was simple. It was a symptom of an occupational disease from which he suffered. Bunty had adhered so long to the Anxiety Neurosis, or Nervous Breakdown, school of humor that the timidities which he had originally invented for the purposes of his trade had finally taken actual and demoniac possession of his soul. The idea of attempting to deal with the deadly complexities of the city at high noon filled him with terror. He was an incurable victim of whimsy in the tertiary stage.

BUNTY's "Journal," which he left me in his will, was a strange compendium of opinion, anecdote, and notes on purely personal matters. As might have been expected, a lot of it dealt with the problems and vexations of his calling:

Taxi-drivers and colored maids have always seemed very funny to humorists. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, there is no record of what colored maids and taxi-drivers think of humorists.

The most pathetic sight I ever saw was the son of a humorist attempting to explain to his schoolmates what line of work his father was in.

Humor is in perpetual flux. The essential tragedy of the humorist is that by the time he has perfected his especial formula, people are laughing at something else.

There is something irresistibly comic about an earnest young woman with no clothes on in peculiar surroundings. To me, Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" is the funniest picture ever painted.

Very few humorists can be persuaded to admire even the best work of other humorists. They are aware that it is largely accidental.

A humorist seldom makes a very successful lover. His technique is too firmly based on non-sequitur.

Sensible editors are basically hostile to humor. They realize that it is apt to antagonize advertisers of the better class.

BUNTY's impressions of his contemporaries are valuable only in so far as they reveal a world about which the public's knowledge has hitherto been slight. Bunty was by no means a leader in his profession—his comic invention was slight and his idiom clearly derivative—but, at least in his earlier days, he got around a good deal and his information was fairly complete:

Last night, D and E came to blows over a girl. It was apparently a question of which of them was entitled to an anecdote she had been telling about her cook.

Q's death should be a warning to all humorists. The titles of funny books seldom stand up in obituary notices.

J is writing the reminiscences of his second childhood, having exhausted his first.

From B's work, it is obvious that his mother was frightened by Mark Twain, but not badly enough.

Whenever X is in doubt about the comic value of a sentence, he inserts the word "faintly." This accounts for his yacht.

Y is of the opinion that satire is the keenest of all political weapons. Y's forthcoming book, an attack on Fascism, is to be called "Bubbles 'n' Squeaks."

O's celebrated sense of humor seems to have its limits. He sees nothing funny in the fact that he gets $20,000 a year.

I WAS present when Bunty died, in his quiet room, in the small hotel. He had been fading perceptibly, though not disagreeably, for a year, and finally he took to his bed. All that last week he was in a coma and he roused himself only briefly at the end.

"Humor," he whispered feebly, still pursuing the definition that had preoccupied and eluded him all his life. "Humor is . . ."

"Never mind, Bunty," I said soothingly. "It doesn't matter now."

He closed his eyes and I thought for a moment he was gone, but suddenly he opened them again. They were wide and very bright.

"Humor is the morgenthau of the hooligan of the mantrap," he said rapidly. "You tell 'em that. Tell Max Eastman."

He gave a deep sigh then, and I could see that he was dead. He looked remarkably peaceful.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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TO A YOUNG MAN FLYING THE PACIFIC

Reindeer herders watch you go,
Roaring shadow on the snow;
Jungle bird and coral flower
Hear you droning hour by hour.

There were reindeer in your book,
Borneo was in your book,
Burma was a name that meant
A golden cage in the animal tent.

Singapore was hard to spell,
China had a temple bell,
Oceans that you crayoned blue
Have come desperately true.

What meridians today
Are you crossing far away?
Arctic vapor, tropic mist
Ticking, ticking, on your wrist?

Here at home the suns go down
West of every eastern town,
West of every western place,
Sinking into ocean space . . .

Sinking to rise up behind you,
Suns we've blessed and told to find you;
Fused with dawn, you blaze a path
Of thunder-doom and blinding wrath

For huddled shores where squinting eyes
Of folly must behold the rise
Of sun and sun and sun and sun
With agony for what was done.

—Thomas Hornsby Ferril

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"Mr. Goldwyn on the wire, Mr. Morris."

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ADVANCED LANDING GROUND

THE first light was gray, unpleasing. It came through the grubby windows of the seaside boarding house which, instead of boarders, housed the pilots of the detached flight.

Ford, waking, wondered why he felt that the light oughtn't to be there. Then he remembered. The pilots were to be at readiness in their cockpits at first light. Ford had been detailed to go up to the landing ground with them to see that the signalling system worked. The C.O. had taken the alarm clock and promised to wake him. He looked again at the window. It was raining; visibility not much more than four hundred yards on the ground. Ten-tenths cloud at two hundred feet (ten-tenths means that the sky is completely covered). The C.O. had probably got up, decided the weather was non-operational, and gone back to bed again. Ford decided he had better wake him up again, just in case. He lurched along the passage.

The C.O. was sleeping quietly. The alarm clock was on the dressing table. It was six o'clock. Ford took hold of the small-boned shoulder that stuck out of the bedclothes. The C.O. woke at once. Ford said, "It's light, sir. Do you want to go up there? It's filthy weather." The pilot looked at the window, then at the clock. "Blast that bloody thing. It's not gone off," he said. He slid out of bed, switched on an electric teakettle, and began to dress. "Wake up Rubber and we'll get weaving." Ford went to the next room and woke the other man who was due to go to readiness. He was a sergeant pilot of twenty-two whom they called Rubber. But he didn't bounce at that hour.

In five minutes they met, more or less uniformed, beside an old Austin Ten, which Ford had requisitioned from a butcher as detachment transport. It had stood outside all night, and now it wouldn't start—plugs wet again. They dried the plugs, got the engine working on two cylinders, and started off. By the time they got to the hill leading up to the landing ground, some more cylinders began to fire.

They arrived at the landing ground. Two old fighters, knocked-about-looking but hard and formidable, were at the far end of the field, near the edge of a cliff which fell away to the sea. What wind there was came from the north, over the landward end by the telephone hut. So the aircraft had had to be left at the other end in order to take off into wind. The rain drizzled on. Cloud was a bare hundred and fifty feet off the deck. You could just see the other end of the little landing ground, which was less than five hundred yards long.

As they bumped along over the rough surface and the wet, slippery grass, Ford thought, "He'll call it non-operational and go back to bed." But when they got to the aircraft, the C.O. said nothing. He looked pinched and cold. He got into the cockpit of his own aircraft, "A." Rubber got into "S." The crews looked glum but resigned. Ford wondered how on earth the C.O. thought he was going to see an E/A (enemy aircraft) in this, even if one were as foolish as they and operated. It was cold, in a flat, soaked, gutless sort of way.

FORD went to the telephone hut. The two telephone operators whom the Army had lent them had turned up and seemed to understand his explanation of what to do in the unlikely event of anything being seen by the observer points. He sat down. He read the notices pinned up in the hut. He read the list of the observer points' telephone numbers. The light got a little stronger, but the cloud bank was, if anything, lower.

The telephone bell rang. Ford took the receiver out of the hands of the Army telephonist. A voice said, "St. Thomas speaking" (their northerly observer post). The voice began officially, "Unidentified aircraft flying about in a suspicious manner," but lapsed into the vernacular, " 'E do sound like a jerry to us."

Sergeant Grange came into the hut. Ford said "Hold on" into the instrument and, to the sergeant, "Unidentified sound plot. Can't send them up in this, do you think?" The sergeant said, "No, I wouldn't, sir." Ford had been holding the receiver away from his ear; now it began to crackle. Ford put it to his ear again. The voice was saying, "We seen it. Gone again now—no, there it is. Looks like a jerry to us—Dornier, maybe—flying south." Ford turned back to Grange. "They've seen it. Got to send them off now." The sergeant nodded. Ford grabbed a red cartridge, the signal for north, and stuffed it into a Very pistol. He ran out of the hut with it and fired. As the heavy pistol jarred his wrist, he thought, "The C.O. and Rubber are just over there in the murk; can't even see them. Blast these bloody little landing grounds! Hope to God they get down. It's me sending them up in this filth."

Five seconds later (he timed it) he heard the roar of their motors. "A," with the C.O. in it, charged out of the grayness at him. On the advanced landing ground, taking off and landing were almost as exciting for the ground staff as for the pilots. It always looked as if the aircraft would never get off. But a second later, as "A" thundered over the point where the ground fell away at the edge of the drome (where they'd pulled down the fence), the nose lifted and the C.O. was air-borne. At the same mo-

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ment, with another snarling roar, Rubber, in "S," charged up, dead in the C.O.'s tracks. Then he was air-borne, too. Grange and Ford looked at each other. Grange said, "Well, sir, they're off." Ford said, "Not a chance of them seeing anything. Let's hope they come back soon." Soon they couldn't hear the engines. Ford noticed gloomily how wet and skiddy the grass was.

IN seven minutes (Grange timed it for the flying-times book) they heard the engines again. Ford said, "Here they are." They saw "A," a hundred and fifty feet up, just under the cloud bank, coming in from the northwest. Ford thought, "Anyhow, they've found the aerodrome all right." But he felt depressed at the uselessness of the patrol and wondered if the C.O. would think he shouldn't have sent them off. The planes were circling. "A" had her wheels and flaps down. The C.O. was evidently going to land first. He was half round to the seaward end of the drome and was disappearing. Ford couldn't see Rubber in "S." But he could hear him. In fact, "S" sounded remarkably loud—and odd, too.

"What's that, sir?" Grange said sharply. They both heard a heavy, desynchronized engine note. They hadn't time to say "Twin" before Grange pointed southeast. There, just off the aerodrome, at fifty feet up, a thick, long wing had come out of the cloud. Then a heavy shape formed itself, looking vast after the fighters. "Flying boat!" Grange shouted. The shape banked, gray against gray, turning steeply away seaward again. Suddenly a yellow flash came from its long nose. "He's fired—fired at the C.O.!" Grange shouted. Then it was gone. The cloud closed up. For a few seconds they heard a confusion of engine notes. Then nothing. Silence. They waited.

FORD and Grange walked slowly down the drome to the seaward end. Ford hoped so much that the C.O. and Rubber had got the flying boat; he hoped so much that they would both land safely. He felt the rush of those hopes bursting up inside him. Four and a half minutes later, he and Grange heard a fighter coming in from the southeast. Ford was by the wall on the southeast corner of the drome. "A" shot down into sight, flying low and fast, fifty feet above their heads. Ford saw the head and shoulders of the C.O., small and still in the cockpit. The C.O. put "A"s wheels down as he circled once. Then he came at them again, losing height. "Look," said the sergeant. "Look, sir. He's fired his guns." As the C.O. flashed past, Ford caught a glimpse of the eight gun ports open, the canvas covers shot off. Old "A" looked bloodied. Ford noticed that the C.O. was landing at the hell of a speed. Although he cleared their heads by only ten feet, he didn't touch down till a quarter of the way across the nasty little field. Ford saw "A" shudder as her brakes were jammed on the very instant she touched down. The aircraft began to disappear into the grayness on the far side of the drome, still going desperately fast. "Christ! That's the shortest run of all," Ford thought. Then he saw the skid begin. "A"s tail began to slew, the port wing literally switched round; suddenly the prop was facing Ford, with the whole machine still rushing backward, tail first, away from him. "A" couldn't be twenty yards from the edge now. At that instant Ford heard the roar of the motor as the C.O. opened full out to pull himself back. A thousand horsepower threshed into the prop. "A" was pulled to a stop and then began to taxi toward Ford.

THE ground crew appeared. As "A" reached the seaward boundary, they slewed her round once more, so that she stood into wind at her dis-

"One lump or none?"

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APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION TO AN EMINENT MAN OF MEDICINE

The fault, dear sawbones, is neither yours nor mine,
But you caught me off base that coolish, sunlit day
When you popped your innocent-sounding question,
"Not worried about anything, are you?"
And I said blandly, like a fool, "No. Nothing at all."

This, then, is a tardy memorandum to let you know
That I lied in my teeth that day, and I'm sorry.

We'd been through it all—
Blood count, metabolism, vitamin intake, diet,
The pulse, heart action, sinus structure,
And the ritual of tapping the knee—
And you were about to render the verdict
That here is a wonderful, mannish specimen
When some half-formed suspicion stayed your hand.
Could it have been that I was as jumpy
As a fretful mountain goat (*Oreamnos montanus*)?
Anyhow, you asked me was I worried,
And you got the wrong answer.

Worries? Why, Doctor, they hang around the throat
Like a necklace strung with red-hot coals.
May we, herewith, do a little surface-scratching:

Did da Vinci really invent the wheelbarrow?
Are a colt's legs, at birth, as long
As they will be when it reaches maturity?
Some say yes on this and some say no.
Do snakes ever swallow their young
When the going becomes unbearably tough?
The idea is somehow plausible, or is it?
And why is Mr. Hagop Yazmajian a taxicab-driver
Instead of being up to his neck in rugs,
Or literature, or running a restaurant,
Or whatever else it is that Armenians do?
And did it ever occur to you,
Learned and respected disciple of Hippocrates,
That the missing judge, Joseph Force Crater,
Might be alive somewhere, keeping house
With Ambrose Bierce, Dorothy Arnold, Amundsen,
And possibly Marshal Ney and John Wilkes Booth?
And, if so, would it be too much to hope
That old Charlie Ross is with them there?

Moreover, what of Mrs. Vanderbilt's stomacher?
The house is going, why not the wonderful gadget
Which has been the ornament of New York society?
And will it be broken up into little stomachers
Or put away in some dim museum, God forbid?
Is there any solid basis to the story that Johnson
Threw the fight to big Willard at Havana?
And if Marshall Field set himself to the task
With all his public spirit, his wonderful zeal,
Could he grow enough mulberry trees in the U.S.A.
To feed worms to make enough silk for all of us?

Worry? What of the humble crows, Doctor?
Is it true that a smart crow, in the mood,
Can keep track of numbers up to four?
And how can we go about proving it here in town?
Who do you suppose will ever pay twenty-five dollars
For that cast-iron gladiator that sits
In an auction room on lower Sixth Avenue?
A fine, brave figure, but where today
Is the market for cast-iron gladiators?
Is Nick the Greek still playing dice,
Rolling the bones for enormous stakes?
I know you don't know, but the information
Would somehow be comforting right now.

Why has the old Murray Hill Hotel bedecked
Itself with signs in neon lights?
And would you call it an anachronism?
Why do waiters always inquire "Demitasse?"
When asked for "a small cup of coffee"?
Are there still wild parrots in South Carolina?
And if so, who is going to find them?

Did you ever lie awake in the late night, Doctor,
And try to make up a complete baseball team
All of whose last names begin with the letter "V"?
Try it sometime and then watch your sanity.
Is it so that condemned men rarely ever
Eat hearty meals before going to their doom?
And when will people stop their annual, footless
Argument over the origin of the term "Indian summer"?
What ever became of little Billy Wambsganss,
Who once played second base for Cleveland
And who made an unassisted triple play
In the World Series with Brooklyn in 1920?
Is it the altitude, or what, that causes
The people of Kenya Colony to act
A bit on the daffy side? What, sir?
Would this be a good time to start a new religion
And underbid the other, feebler sects,
Or can we leave that one until later?
How is Mr. Hyacinthe Ringrose these days?
Why, Doctor, wouldn't it be a good bet
To try to grow a lot of paprika in Louisiana?
And what do you suppose, as we go skittering
Down the dim, bat-infested corridors of Time,
Will ever become of the city of Philadelphia?

Worry, Doctor? We've just begun to worry.

—STANLEY WALKER

• •

persal point. Already men were running up to refuel. Ford ran too. The C.O. saw him coming and moved for the first time. He put one hand over the edge of the cockpit, with the thumb extended upward. Ford jumped onto the wing. "One Dornier flying boat," said the C.O., speaking rather slower than usual. "Ran head on into it as I was coming in to land. Had my flaps and undercart down. Fired at me. Bloody awkward. Ruddy great thing. All covered with guns and turrets. Luckily, he turned right as I turned left. Gave me time to get my undercart and flaps up. Then Rubber must have had a crack at him. Saw the flashes. Then we got round onto the thing and made two attacks from astern. He hadn't a chance. Saw my bullets tearing into him. Rear gunners stopped firing. Closed to fifty yards. He was still flying along all right. Then suddenly gave a lurch and began to go down. Thought he might make quite a

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"Think, Private Willoughby! Think!"

• •

nice landing in the sea. But no. One wing went right down. In he went—a fearful smash. Something was burning in him already. Thought he would float. Then, just after he hit, there was a god-awful flash; black smoke and crimson flame—bloody great beacon for nearly a minute. Then everything seemed to sink. Where's Rubber? Did you see me skid?"

Ford hit him on the back repeatedly. "Bloody good, bloody good, bloody good," he said.

The C.O. began to peer at the overhanging cloud.

"Can you ski, sir?" Ford said.

"No. Why?"

"Well, you did a damned good imitation of a christiania."

"No, really? Christ! I had kittens. Blast this wet grass. It's dangerous."

"Did you say *dangerous*, sir?" Ford said, but irony was lost.

The C.O. was looking at the sky. "Where's Rubber?" he asked again.

Then they heard him droning away to the south, out to sea. The C.O. said, "That's him. The silly bastard's lost. But he'll make it now." The engine note rose, and "S" shot across the drome, fifty feet up. Rubber banked, let go his undercart and flaps, and began to come in from the sea end. He was under cliff level to start with. He rose just enough to clear the cliff and came in toward them, not ten feet up. The C.O. began to shout as if he thought he could make Rubber hear. "Get up, get up! Oh, get up, you silly

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"But, darling, when I said you were stupid I didn't mean I don't love you that way."

•

bastard! You'll undershoot! Get up!" But Rubber began to lose height. He touched down exactly on the seaward boundary of the drome, where it tailed off into the rough moorland of the cliff top. His starboard wheel hit something (afterward they found a sizable boulder). "S" leaped up ten feet or so and came down heavily inside the drome boundary. She began to run, veering to starboard. After forty yards, still moving at sixty or seventy, down went one wing. The starboard Oleo leg had buckled. Her nose went down, the prop hit and splintered. She came to a jarring stop. Rubber opened the cockpit door and stepped out. The C.O. was out of his machine, too, bustling over to him.

"Terribly sorry, sir," Rubber said.

"Bad luck, Rubber. You fired your guns?"

"Oh yes, two beam attacks. Two hundred and fifty rounds from each gun. Saw the flashes all along his fuselage. Then I saw you go in and finish him. I say, sir, what was he?"

"Not sure myself yet," the C.O. said, then he nodded to Ford. "Get the gen [identification] sheet."

Ford produced it. The two pilots became absorbed, looking through the pictures of Heinkels, Junkers, and Focke-Wulfs. Rubber said, "I say, sir, did my eyes deceive me or were there two props in line, a pusher and puller?"

"Well, I thought that, too. Yes, by God! Here it is—Dornier 18, flying boat. That's it exactly. Great, big, hulking thing—convoy reconnaissance, mine-laying." They read the description of the flying boat with all the enthusiasm of collectors who have bagged an exceedingly rare specimen.

"I say, sir, absolutely branders, wasn't it?" Rubber said. "Not a speck on the paint even."

"Bloody great turrets and blisters stuck all over it," the C.O. said.

"Seemed able to fire on me from any angle, sir."

"You're telling me! Had my wheels and flaps down when he fired on me. Bloody awkward if you hadn't kept him busy to begin with."

"How many did she carry, do you think, sir?"

"Five or six at least. Wonder if any of them could be alive in the drink." He turned to Ford. "Have the rescue boats gone out?"

"Oh yes, sir," Ford said. "The telephonists will have told them to go out. Shall we go over and see if they've got a bearing from the observer points?"

"Not that there'll be anything but bodies at the most," the C.O. said as they walked over to the hut. "I thought she was going to float. Then that ruddy great flash came, and when I looked next there was nothing but bits and pieces."

WHEN they got to the hut they found that the observer point to the southeast had seen the flash and wreckage burning for a few seconds. They had given the boats an accurate bearing.

The next shift of pilots to go to readiness turned up.

The C.O. said, "Well, we've got a Dornier flying boat so far today."

The ground crew was already at work on "S," which looked very forlorn and lopsided, and right across the best run in this wind. But in another thirty minutes they'd got the back of an old farm cart under her starboard wing and had wheeled her into the side.

Then Ford and the pilots went down to the boarding house for breakfast. Ford found himself beginning the futile game —and it is never so futile as in war—of counting up the ifs. *If* the first light hadn't wakened him, five German airmen would no doubt be having breakfast with their *Staffel* at, say, Stavanger. (On the other hand, his part in the affair could and should have been played by a more reliable type of alarm clock.) But *if*, now, the C.O. had circled the other way, *if* Rubber hadn't been just behind him to make those two beam attacks, *if* the cloud had come down another fifty feet, *if* the C.O. and Rubber hadn't been perfectly trained, expert, and highly aggressive pilots—if any one of the million million combinations of circumstances had been different, the Germans might have been breakfasting with their *Staffel*, some thousands of tons of British shipping would have been sunk or endangered, and the C.O. and Rubber . . . Instead of which . . . Which was satisfactory, as far as it went.

—FLYING OFFICER JOHN STRACHEY

•

Q.—How does the density of population in Japan compare with that of Belgium?

A.—Belgium contains about 727 people per square foot, while the population of Japan is equivalent to 486 persons per square mile.—*Boston Traveler.*

Tight little country, Belgium.

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ARGUMENT OUTSIDE A GIN MILL HERE

THE doll hung above the driver's seat of the truck, which was parked outside a gin mill on Third Avenue—Fifty-first, Fifty-second Street, around there someplace. The rain had soaked the doll, but rain or no rain, it looked gay and lively, a long-legged doll with an orange belly and yellow feet. Hell of a big truck it was too, by the way.

Two guys out of the gin mill were standing there, and one said, "Goddam cute. Looka the doll hangin' up there, will yah?" The other fellow looked but didn't say anything.

The driver's foot was on the step that minute. He was just going to climb up into the seat, but he got down, and in two strides was facing the two men. "Cute, huh?" he said. "Waddayamean cute? Yah mean cute it's all right? Or yah mean cute yah think it's sissy an' yah don't like it? Waddayamean cute?"

The man he spoke to didn't take a backward step. Fairly husky man, who'd go about a hundred and ninety-two pounds, about the same as the truck-driver, give or take a couple pounds. "I din say," he answered. He made a face. "Now you ast me, I mean cute yah got about an eight-ton truck there, at leas', and the doll is silly-lookin' on it, now you ast me."

The truck-driver's chin came sliding out like the bottom drawer of a bureau. "Silly-lookin', huh?" he said, the words coming slow. "The doll happens to be, if yah wanna know, the doll happens to be my kid's doll. Yah wanna make somepin out of it? Howdya like to get a cute little rap on the snoot for yahself?"

"Aw, whyant you take the truck anna doll an' all an' get the hell up the avenyuh an' be done with it an' nevvamine do I wanna make somepin out of it? I din say your kid's doll look silly on the truck, did I?"

"Chry-sill mighty, yah said somepin about a doll bein' silly-lookin', an' as far as that goes I can take the truck an' the doll an' all *up* the avenyuh, *down* the avenyuh, *sideways* on the avenyuh, an' I can leave it stay where it is, an' wadda you got to do with it? Yah did so say it was silly-lookin'."

"I said a doll was silly-lookin', howmy a know it's yah kid's doll? A kid's doll looks all right an' maybe it's good luck or somepin. It's not the same thing at all as any old doll hangin' on a truck."

The driver considered. He appeared to be deciding not to give up too easily. "I got half a mine," he said, looking at both the men now, "to knock your two cute little heads togedder. You too, yah cluck, yah!"

The last was to the silent guy, who now spoke in a dreamy way. "I didn't say nothin', nothin' at all, never said a word," he said, in a monotone as level as the top of a pool table. "Holy Jeez, but it's rainin'. The 'L' is soakin' wet. Lookad the 'L,' soakin' wet."

Both the truck-driver and the man he had been arguing with stared at the third guy. Then they looked at each other.

"The 'L' is soakin' wet, he says," the truck-driver muttered. "Chry-sill mighty, how long this feller been livin' round here worryin' about the poor old 'L' is soakin' wet? The 'L' been there maybe fifty years, been there a hundred years far as I know. An' a dopey bottleneck standin' there inna rain sayin' the 'L' is soakin' wet!"

The big man turned to his chum. "So the 'L' is soakin' wet then. Wad aboud it? The guy onna truck is right! No wunna this country gotta snab oud of it and start getting somewheres. Chowderheads standin' around Third Avenyuh mopin' about the poor old 'L'!" He turned to the truck-driver, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "You're right, Mac. Dope is right."

"The 'L' is soakin' wet," the truck-driver mumbled, and climbed into the seat and started the truck up the avenue.

—JOHN MCNULTY

"If you ask me, we drew a lemon."

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BOMBS ON THE MELTING POT

IT'S the little people who fight a war, I have often heard, and I remembered that again when Mr. Froelich, a sector warden, came into the headquarters of Zone 2, 19th Precinct, at 830 Park Avenue, where I was sitting with H. T. Richardson, the zone warden. Mr. Froelich seemed pleasantly excited. "Say, Tommy," he said to Mr. Richardson, "there's a fella up at 340 East Seventy-second—the superintendent—who's made his own siren out of an old phonograph and part of a vacuum cleaner. He says it makes a hell of a noise."

Mr. Richardson received the news calmly and introduced us, and I made a note to go and see the superintendent with the homemade siren. Mr. Froelich disappeared into the next room, and Mr. Richardson looked at me and grinned. He is a sturdy, pink-cheeked man who is, in business hours, sales manager of Bellows & Co. "If you go to see that super, be sure to go across the street and see Joe Stolba, the undertaker," he told me. "Joe is the boy who worked thirty-six hours without sleep to make armbands for wardens in his sector. Made 'em out of funeral silk."

I wrote down Joe's name and address, and asked Mr. Richardson if his zone had received any armbands from the Office of Civilian Defense. Later, when I had learned that this was a foolish question, I understood why he raised his eyebrows and regarded me with surprise. "Why no, we haven't received any equipment at all," he said. "We've bought or made our own, of course, but so far it's limited to an armband, a screwdriver, a flashlight, and a whistle for each warden. This unrented apartment we use for headquarters was donated to us by Douglas Elliman, and various sector headquarters and posts throughout the zone are lent by other real-estate owners or landlords. Brown, Wheelock lent us our furniture, and we pay for the light, telephone, and all other incidental expenses." He looked thoughtful. "Sometimes it comes to several hundred dollars a month."

"Who is 'we'?" I asked.

"Oh, all the wardens, among us. We had a pretty reasonable idea, we thought, of sending a letter to people in the neighborhood—people who are being protected, you might say—asking them to chip in a contribution toward upkeep, and I personally know a good many who are willing to do it. But orders came from the OCD that we couldn't ask them."

"Why not?" I asked.

Mr. Richardson smiled. "I don't know," he said. "An order isn't always exactly an explanation, you know."

Mr. Froelich came back with a mimeographed sheet of paper, something to do with Central Park. "That Park," Mr. Richardson said to me after he had looked at the paper, "is the biggest headache the city has, as far as blackouts are concerned. The Park lights don't turn off from a central switch; they're controlled by separate switches and by different kinds of switches, so each unit has to be turned off by hand. If we had an air raid tonight, the warden assigned to the Park area adjoining this zone would have to go quickly into the Seventy-second Street entrance, across a road, and across a field, to find the switch box and turn the lights out."

I pictured the warden forlorn in a strange field, alone in the unfamiliar dark. "How would he get out?" I asked.

"That's part of the headache," Mr. Richardson replied cheerfully, and took me across the room to show me a chart of Zone 2 which stood on the mantelpiece and almost covered the wall above it. "I think we're the only zone that has a complete chart showing the location and types of buildings, water mains, gas mains, lights, and so on within the zone, and also the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of all sector wardens, senior post wardens, and post wardens in an area of fifty thousand people," he said. "Tax Cumings—you know Tax, don't you?—made the chart for us. He's my alternate zone warden, and of course, being in the advertising business, he knows all about layouts and stuff. Isn't it a beautiful job?" Mr. Richardson looked at the chart proudly and, agreeing that it was a beautiful job, I looked at Mr. Richardson. Maybe it isn't only the little people, after all, who fight a war, I thought. Here were Richardson, Froelich, Cumings—all successful, rosy young businessmen, breathing an air of Racquet Club, Leash Club, directors' meetings, and duplex apartments in the East Seventies. It occurred to me that nobody can say which people are little until the bombs begin to fall.

The chart of Zone 2 was a good indication of the way all New York has been divided, for purposes of civilian defense, into zones, sectors, and posts. As most New Yorkers know by now, a zone comprises an area in which about fifty thousand people live and is divided into sectors, each accounting for about five thousand people; the sectors are broken up into posts, each post being responsible for about five hundred people. The zone warden, assisted by one or two alternates, is responsible for his zone; each sector warden, assisted by senior post wardens, is responsible for his sector; and each senior post warden, assisted by his post wardens, is responsible for his post, which comprises one square block. Zones vary in extent according to the density of population. Zone 2, for example (Mr. Richardson's), is a residential district, lived in by women and children during the day as well as by their husbands and fathers at night, and therefore it extends only from Seventy-first Street to Seventy-ninth Street and from Fifth Avenue to the East River. Zone 1, 17th Precinct, on the other hand, extending from Forty-second Street to Fifty-ninth Street and from Fifth Avenue to the East River, is larger, because it takes in the Chrysler Building, the General Electric Building, Grand Central Terminal, and other prodigious warrens whose population is vast in the daytime but almost nonexistent at night. There are one or more zones in each police precinct, and all wardens work in cooperation with their precinct captain—an arrangement which has caused lines in many an Irish brow, I learned later, since it considerably upsets the average New York policeman's established creed that every resident of New York is his natural enemy. The wardens got some gray hairs, too, when they were called upon to decipher the mimeographed instructions sent out by the Police Department and couched in a baffling and angry kind of prose. "Above designated switches are not to be operated only in an alarm" was the wording of one command. "Bombs must not be allowed to be dropped until warning is given" was another. A sort of peak was reached in one zone when

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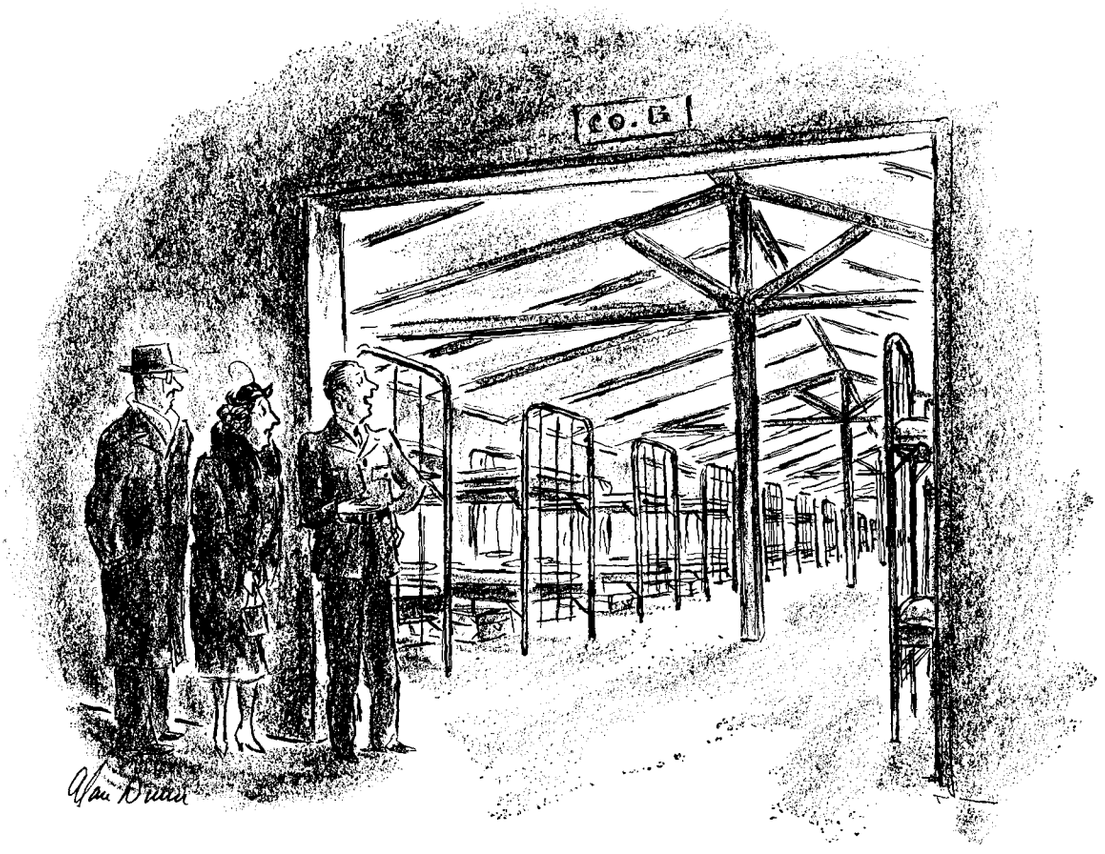

". . . and this is my bedroom."

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the precinct captain issued an order on a certain day that all air wardens in the zone were to attend a meeting in the precinct station at eight o'clock the following night. The zone warden went to him beforehand and asked, "What's the meeting for, Captain? I'd like to tell my wardens."

The captain didn't look up from his desk. "It's a lecture on how to use a screwdriver," he said, "so's you can turn the street lights out when, as, and if needed."

The zone warden said, "Wouldn't it be a good idea to have just me and my alternates and the sector wardens come? Then you could give us the lecture and we could teach the other wardens. Might make it easier for you."

The captain looked up. "My orders was all wardens in this zone is to be here tomorrow night at eight o'clock," he said, "and what I mean is all wardens in this zone is to be here in this precinct station, in this *room*, at eight o'clock. Get it?"

"I get it," said the zone warden, and went away. Next night, according to orders, all of the wardens in the zone arrived for the lecture at the precinct station. There were 1,790 of them.

"But don't think we're crabbing about the Police Department," said the zone warden who told me about this incident. "Individually, a lot of policemen have been fine. It's just that policemen don't like people much, I guess, and now that they are asked to go hand in hand with the average man, you can't blame them for getting confused."

WHOEVER might be confused, it wasn't Charles Gustavson, the superintendent who had built the homemade siren, I thought the day I went to see him. Mr. Gustavson, a tall, calm Swedish-American, took me down into the basement to see his invention, his face lighting with pride, although he made modest gestures of deprecation. "Fred Johnson, my mechanic, had as much to do with it as I had," he said, speaking with a slight, pleasant accent and indicating a man who was working away at something in the corner of the room. "Get me the siren, Fred." Fred vanished briefly and returned with a small wooden box with "STARCH" printed in red letters on one side and an old-fashioned phonograph handle sticking out of the other. Mr. Gustavson pushed a button on top of the box and then took off the top to show me the machinery in motion. "You see," he explained, "this wheel, which we have taken from a phonograph, revolves and sets off a current, which goes through a wire connected to the siren part, which we have taken from a vacuum cleaner. And so it makes the noise."

"What kind of noise?" I had started to ask when a shriek ripped through the room that was, as nearly as I can describe it, like a million sopranos holding high C in hell. It swept from an earsplitting scream to a low, wailing note of doom. As I stood frozen, Mr. Gustavson pushed the button on the box again and the noise stopped. "That was the siren," he said. "Of course, you don't hear it now so well, because we have it in the elevator shaft on the tenth floor. But soon we will have three of them on the outside of the building, and then, with this box on my desk, I can start them all going when the alert comes. I think it will be enough," he added thoughtfully.

I said, "But when that thing went off just now—your tenants. Weren't you afraid of scaring them to death?"

Mr. Gustavson gave me a patient Scandinavian look. "Naturally," he said, "when I began to show it to you, I sent one of my men to tell the tenants that we make only a test." Well, I had been with him right along and I hadn't seen him speak to anybody. These Swedes, I thought.

"Look," I said, after Mr. Gustavson had shown me some unoccupied apartments on the middle floors of the building, which were fitted out as shelters with sand, shovels, and blackout curtains, "this is fine, but I'd like to find out more about the people who live in tenements, like those places between here and the East River. I'd like to talk to a warden who will have to take care of those people in an air raid." Mr. Gustavson suggested a Mr. Randall, superintendent at No. 311, across the street, and, like himself, a building warden.

No. 311 is a large apartment house, and Mr. Randall turned out to be a British-American who wore a soft hat

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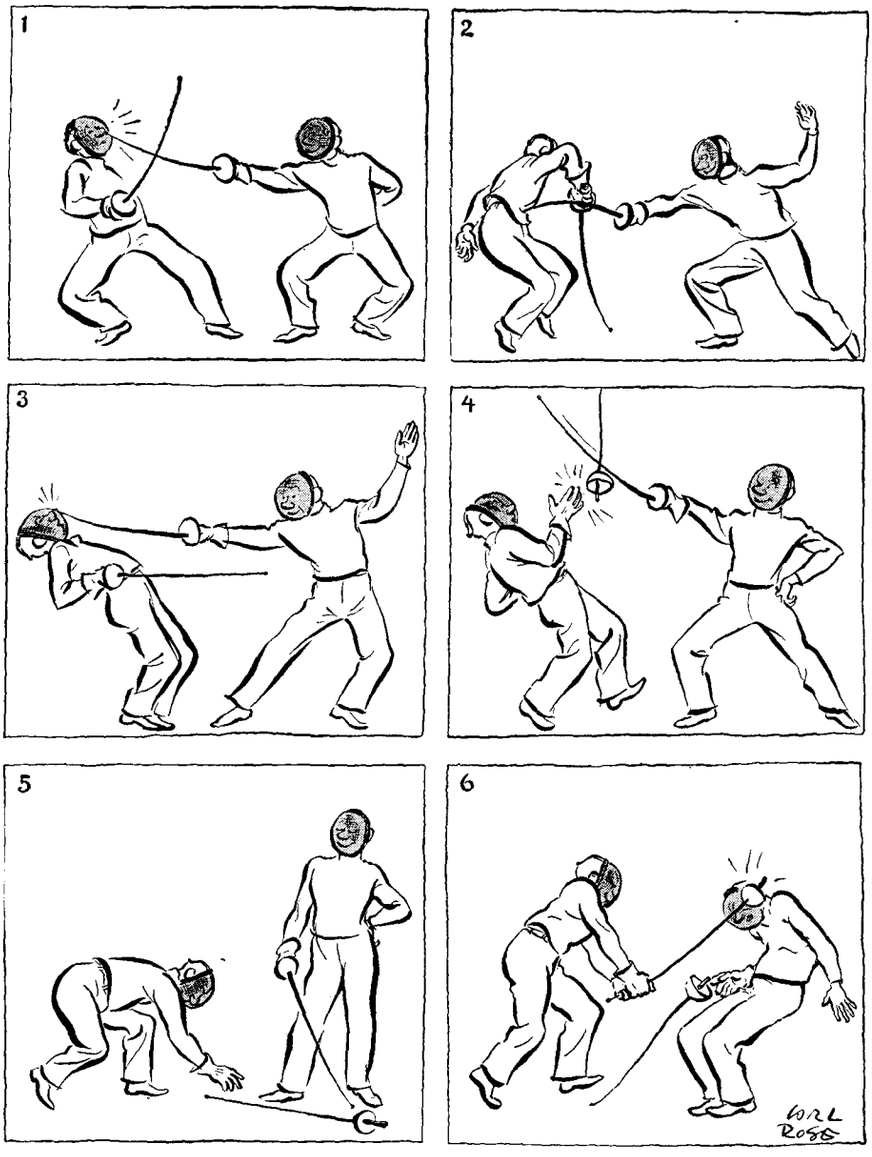

above a large, pink face and looked rather like an uncle in a P. G. Wodehouse story. "Now then, Mrs. 'Arriman," he greeted me in good cockney style, "I should just like to show you a chart I have constructed indicating the apartments that contain elderly people, invalids, children under twelve, registered nurses, and so on. And don't you go describing it in too much detail in your article," he added, with that healthy jealousy that flourishes, I discovered, between one post and another, "because I have reason to think that we are the only building that has just such a chart." After I had sincerely admired the chart, I explained that I was really in search of details about people who lived in flimsier dwellings than 311, and Mr. Randall, assuring me that they would know all about that at post headquarters, locked up the chart in his desk and conducted me to a large room in the basement of 331 East Seventy-first Street. This was Sector D Headquarters of Zone 2, and it was occupied by the senior post warden, a Mrs. Spellman, and a red-cheeked blond boy about fifteen years old, who was identified as Libor Foltyn, a volunteer messenger. After Mr. Randall had left us, with a courtly flourish of the soft hat, Mrs. Spellman explained to me that there was always a warden on duty at the post and two on patrol duty, the women taking the daylight hours in three-and-a-half-hour shifts and the men taking the night shifts, from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M. Instinctively, I waited until she added proudly, "I believe our zone was the first to institute a twenty-four-hour patrol."

The duty of an air warden on patrol, Mrs. Spellman told me, is to check, during the day, every apartment and private house to see that it has air-raid equipment and blackout and shelter facilities, and, at night, to see that cars are not parked too long in any street and that all vestibule lights and night lights in stores are turned off. There was quite a fuss about the night lights in stores, she said, because a good many storekeepers had clauses in their insurance policies which required them to keep a light burning all night. I asked her what the wardens had been able to do about that. "Why," she said, "Mr. Richardson, our zone warden, simply found out how to shade the lights so they can't be seen from the air, and we showed the storekeepers and told them they would just have to do it from now on." The telephone rang as she was speaking, and after she had answered it I said, "In case of a raid, you—or whatever post warden happens to be on duty here—would get the alert by telephone, wouldn't you?" Mrs. Spellman, whom I have neglected to describe as a slim, soft-voiced brunette, smiled and nodded. "Then why aren't you scared every time the telephone rings?" I asked her. "Oh," she said, "there's a code. As soon as I answer, if it's a raid, Zone Headquarters announces a certain number, say twenty-nine, for an alert—that's supposed to be about thirty minutes before the planes come over—or another number for an alarm, which is a five-minute warning, and there's a third number for the all-clear. But I'd better not tell you the code," she said anxiously. "It's—well, it's rather official." Mrs. Spellman's eyes held the contentment of a woman who has at last found a secret worth keeping, so I didn't ask her the code. I said I would like to find out about the people who lived in tenements, between Third Avenue and the river, and what would happen to them in an air raid.

Mrs. Spellman, returning to briskness, said that the neighborhood, aside from the big apartment buildings, was mostly Czech and Italian. "The Czechs have been wonderfully helpful," she added pointedly. "Nearly all of them have enrolled as wardens, and one Czech who has a stationery store gave us our typewriter for the post, another gave us a lot of paper and carbon for reports, and another storekeeper gave us the flag." She indicated the Stars and Stripes, which covered part of one wall, and then her gaze fell with affection on the neat rows of folding chairs below. "Of course, Joe Stolba gave us the chairs," she told me. I looked at them, and they were undertaker's chairs, all right. Two male wardens came into the post just then, and from

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one of them I heard more of the legend about Joe Stolba. During the air wardens' rally in Union Square last autumn, this man said, he had been chatting with Joe in the crowd when a man fainted not far away. Joe hurried over and helped get the stranger onto a stretcher and into an ambulance and then pushed his way back through the mob to where the warden was standing. "Well, Joe," said the warden facetiously as they watched the ambulance clang away, "looks like you lost a customer that time." Joe gave a placid shrug. "When he comes to," he said, "he will find my card in his pocket."

MRS. SPELLMAN said that Stolba, being a warden and a Czech, could probably tell me all about the tenement population, and suggested that I go along to his establishment with Libor, the messenger, who was going over to see about getting his armband. At Stolba's Funeral Parlors—discreetly decorated in shades of brown, with a collie dog lying asleep under a rubber plant—we were received by Joe's younger brother, John, who told us regretfully that Joe was out. "On business," he added delicately. Libor had gone over to a stout man reading a newspaper in a rocking chair, and now I saw this man wave the boy away. "Armbands!" he said bitterly. "No more! Five hundred fifty I make in one night. That is enough." Libor stood waiting solidly, and presently the man gave a disgusted sigh, pulled himself out of the rocker, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a white armband bearing the messengers' insignia, a red flash of lightning in a white triangle set in a circle of blue. Libor grabbed it joyfully, fastened it around his sleeve with two pins which he brought from under his lapel, said goodbye to us all, and hurried away, looking at his armband so intently that he bumped into people on the doorstep.

"Doesn't he have to pay anything for the armband?" I asked the room in general, and the stout man grunted, lowering himself into the rocker again. "We are such fools we give them away," he said, picking up his newspaper. I looked at John Stolba, and John introduced the stout man as Mr. Honc, a friend and employee, adding, as Mr. Honc nodded at me and vanished once more behind the paper, that he was gruff on the outside but had a heart of gold. This tribute had the effect of making Mr. Honc bang his paper onto his knee and address John in fierce gutturals, undoubtedly Czech. "I didn't know you had made armbands for messengers as well as for wardens," I said hastily, and Mr. Honc discarded his paper and astonishingly smiled. "Sure," he said, "when you need everything, you got to make everything. Wait, I show you." From the next room he brought his materials, an assortment of stencils in which he had cut the various air-raid-warden insignia and a quantity of heavy white silk, which he assured me was the best funeral silk. I asked nervously if it was the kind used to line coffins, and after the barest pause, John Stolba and Mr. Honc answered with one voice. "For ribbons on wreaths, too," they said cheerfully.

John and Mr. Honc were both air wardens, I learned, so I asked them about the people who lived in tenements in the neighborhood and how they would be protected in a raid. John said I ought to see Anton Penkava, a Czech and a warden, who had a barbershop a couple of blocks down First Avenue, around the corner of Seventy-first Street. Anton Penkava was shaving a customer when I arrived, and I had time to look around his clean and sparkling shop before he came toward me, drying his hands on a towel, his neatness shining through his spectacles and on his smooth brown hair.

"Well, this neighborhood is funny," he said, after I had told him why I was there. "You see, we try to have a warden, or maybe two wardens, in each house, especially in the tenements. But there is First Avenue, and on one side of First Avenue we have the Czechs and on the other side, just across, we have the Italians. We go over there and ask them to sign up as air wardens, but they won't. They say 'maybe' or 'I'm too busy' or 'I don't know.' Not *one* Italian," said Mr. Penkava, looking suddenly fierce, "has enrolled in this sector as an air-raid warden." I offered him

"Mm-m, smells good. Who is it?"

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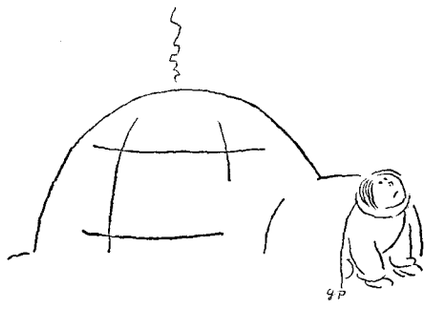
a cigarette and he took it, then lit mine and his own. "We ask them to come to meetings," he went on, "and we explain that it is for their own protection. But they come only when it is fireworks, like a test incident with flare bombs and lots of smoke and the fire engines. They like fireworks. They clap their hands and laugh."

I thanked Mr. Penkava and went across First Avenue to a block of tenements. There was no air-warden insignia—the red-and-white striped triangle in a blue circle—in any window such as Stolba and Penkava had had in theirs, so I climbed the steps of a crumbling brownstone house and rang the bell. It was answered by a plump, black-haired woman in a kimono, who stared at me without speaking. I said, "I'd like to see the air-raid warden in this house, please." The woman shrieked "Air raid!" and before I could tell her that there was no air raid, she disappeared and I could hear her screaming, "Papa! *Papa!*" Presently Papa came in his shirtsleeves to a first-story window, raised it, and leaned out. "Whazza da mat'?" he asked me in the best vaudeville dialect. I explained carefully that I had heard that there was an air warden in each house along the block to protect the tenants in case of a raid and that I would like to see the warden in this particular house. Papa leaned back from the window sill and laughed hugely, his hands clasping his great belly in its soiled shirt. "Warden!" he shouted. "Datsa for *prison*, not here!"

I found myself laughing companionably, and when I had rung a few more doorbells along the block with no result beyond an increasingly jovial skepticism, I sighed and came home. I dreamt about tenements being bombed that night, though, and when my Rose brought me breakfast next morning, I asked her how things were going in Harlem. Rose Mitchelson is a tall, decisive, capable woman with a warm heart and that look of nobility some Negroes have. She has been a warden in her own sector since September and was recently promoted to senior post warden. "We're still having trouble with the language problem," she told me, putting the tray across my knees, "because so many Cubans live in the sector who don't speak English, and when a warden goes to see them, they don't understand what they're being told. I suggested at a meeting last night that we ought to get more Cubans to sign up as wardens and send them to talk to their own people. But you can't make people sign up unless they want to, and at that, there's a lot of American Negroes that haven't been much help." I asked her about that, and she said, "Well, a warden has to register with the Police Department, and there's some men in Harlem mixed up with the numbers and the policy games that would just as soon stay away from a police station. In fact, one man said to me [here Rose, who speaks a correct English, suddenly grinned and relaxed into an imitation of darky dialect], 'No, *Ma'am*,' he said, 'I ain't gon'ta get mixed up wid no po-lice. 'Sides, come a air raid, Ah'm jus' gon'ta say, Feet, carry me away fum *here!*'" Rose, smiling, bent down to put a log on the fire, and then stood up, suddenly grave. "You know, Miss Margaret," she said, "we call this country the melting pot. We're very proud about that. All I hope," she said, turning to go back to the kitchen, "is that something can be done about these air-raid precautions before we're all melted for sure."

LATER that morning I asked Rose about tenements in Harlem, and she suggested that I see Dr. Godfrey Nurse, zone warden of Harlem's Zone 1, 32nd Precinct. Dr. Nurse is a well-known Negro physician who made several campaign speeches for O'Dwyer in the last mayoralty election, but I found him reluctant to criticize LaGuardia in the present emergency. "We have no equipment for wardens, but we will surely get it," he said in a pleasant, Barbados accent. "In the meantime everybody does what he can, and sometimes there is such enthusiasm that I have to discourage it. For instance, a warden comes to me with excitement and says that a storekeeper or a landlord has offered space, rent free, as headquarters. I ask if it is serviced by electric light, running water, heat, and telephone. If it isn't—and it usually isn't—I tell the warden to forget it. There are not many people in Harlem who can afford what it costs to run a headquarters. Have you read 'Digging for Mistress Miller'?" he asked suddenly, and, after a momentary blank, I realized that West Indians always say "Mistress" for "Mrs."—a much prettier word, too. "I have asked all my wardens to get it from the library and read it," Dr. Nurse said. "Such things may never happen here, but when they do it's well to know how they manage it in London."



As he spoke, I became aware of a phrase all air wardens use. They never say, "It may not happen here, but *if* it does . . ." They all say, "It may not happen here, but *when* it does . . ." That is a healthy point of view, it seemed to me, and as I listened to Dr. Nurse I decided that perhaps American air wardens, for all their lack of experience and equipment, are well prepared, simply because they are Americans. They have that blessed American gift of skepticism about a too-rosy tomorrow, they know how to whittle down a problem by laughter, and when laughter and skepticism aren't enough, they are capable of a great and conquering rage. I tried to tell Dr. Nurse something of what I had been thinking, and he nodded gently and said, "Perhaps the trouble with the Germans and the Japanese is that they began with rage and worked backward."

As I was about to leave Dr. Nurse, I remembered that I hadn't asked him about the dilemma of people who lived in tenements and who might be crushed like paper dolls in an air raid. Dr. Nurse told me to go next door, to the Y.M.C.A. on West 135th Street, and to look up the post warden on duty. "He can tell you all about that," said Dr. Nurse. The post warden on duty at the Y.M.C.A. was a thin, eager young Negro named James A. Dekine, Jr., a mechanic in the engine room and the building warden by day, and a senior post warden by night in his own sector, farther north, around West 162nd Street. James Dekine wore a stern, dedicated look, and he didn't have much news about any people who lived in tenements. "We send our wardens out on patrol two at a time," he informed me, "to check all buildings and apartments for air-raid precautions, to see that they have blackout curtains, sand in buckets, flashlights, candles, and so on." I asked him if women wardens patrolled at night in Harlem. To my relief he relaxed into a soft, easy, Southern way of speaking. "We got trouble about that," he said, "on account of a couple of incidents, come a Saturday night, that wasn't exactly favorable. But now we got it fixed so a lady warden don't go out at night without she's escorted by a gentleman warden."

That was dandy, I thought, going

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home in a taxi, but still I had discovered nothing about the people who live in tenements and what would happen to them in an air raid. It was dark by the time I got home to East Fifty-fifth Street, and as I paid the taxi-driver I saw two figures approaching solidly from the corner, their white armbands gleaming in the dusk. It was somehow comforting to see them there, and when they came abreast of me I stopped them and, idiotically enough, asked them if they were air-raid wardens. "We are," said the sturdy shape nearer to me, introducing herself as Miss Stoll, the owner of a shop around the corner, and her companion as Mr. Ellett, who had an antique store on Fifty-sixth Street. "What's the matter—you a little nervous?" Miss Stoll inquired, hopefully, I thought. "No need to be scared," she went on, giving my arm a pat. "That's what we're here for, to take care of you. Yessir, we patrol for two reasons besides the routine business of seeing that vestibule lights are out and so on. One reason is to bolster morale." She looked at me sharply. "Confess now, it made you feel kind of comfortable to see us coming along the street, didn't it? . . . I thought so. And the other reason is that if there are any dirty Fifth Columnists around, we want to show 'em we're just as busy as they are."

I said I wasn't scared exactly and explained that I was trying to write a piece about air wardens and was having trouble finding out what would happen during a raid to people who lived in tenements.

"Tenements?" said Miss Stoll. She gave a short jerk of her head toward my own front door, in front of which we were standing. "You mean like the one you live in?"

My eyes followed hers, and I said softly, "Well, for Pete's sake." This was it, all right, the remodelled walkup, the worn gray stone of the entrance steps, the basement area piled with ash-cans. In something of a daze I said good night to Miss Stoll and her silent escort and let myself into my apartment, one and a half rooms and garden, on

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"Would you be interested in helping to save civilization?"

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the ground floor. "*Well*, for Pete's sake," I said again, turning on the lights and looking at my lustre pitchers, my Sheffield candlesticks, and at the flakes of plaster coming off the ceiling and at the holes in the baseboard. I walked across the room and noticed, as I always do, that the floor had settled at one end, so one had the feeling of walking downhill—only now it was more alarming than quaint. "The search," I said aloud to my cocker spaniel, "is ended."

FULL of foreboding, next morning I sought out the senior post warden of my block, at post headquarters in a hospital on the corner, and found him to be a Mr. Dan Belden, who made a steeple of his fingers and looked at me over it. "There is really not much use in trying to do anything with a block of remodelled brownstones like this in an air raid," he informed me. "One good bomb in the middle of the street and the whole block would collapse like matchwood."

I went to a meeting of wardens that night and calmed myself, as I had done at other meetings, by observing the fine, new friendliness that flourished among people who had lived as strangers in the same block, perhaps, for years until the emergency. The room, an auditorium in the public school on East Fifty-seventh Street, buzzed with talk and with laughter over shared experiences and difficulties as the wardens hastened in, each with his or her little handbook of instructions. When the sector warden, who presided, rapped on his table for silence, he looked out over the audience and said, "Where's Bill? We can't start without Bill." Bill, entering presently, turned out to be the janitor of a small apartment house and a man valuable not only for his pleasant personal qualities but also because he owned one of the extremely scarce Red Cross manuals on first aid. The talk at that wardens' meeting, as at others, mainly concerned ways of coping with the fact that wardens still lacked practically everything, and I felt a fierce sympathy with these men and women who were working so hard and so cheerfully against such odds.

It was in this frame of mind next morning that I telephoned the Mayor's office and asked if I could see the Mayor.

THE shabby grandeur of City Hall vibrated with the hurrying forms of volunteer women workers in uniform (one or two of whom wore long, dangling earrings beneath their neat overseas caps), and since it was noon when I arrived, the corridors hummed with a cozy clatter of "Make mine a ham-on-rye. What's yours, dear? Roast beef on white, cawfee." Mr. John Slocum, a genial, harassed young man who is one of the Mayor's secretaries, greeted me in his own office and asked me for an outline of the questions I wanted to ask the Mayor. I said that I would like to know the latest news about the $100,000,000 Congress had, in a kind of way, appropriated for Civilian Defense, what was being done about sirens, and, perhaps most important, exactly how many armbands, whistles, stirrup pumps, goggles, gas masks, and other articles of air-raid-warden equipment the OCD had on hand for Greater New York and when the wardens would get them. Mr. Slocum said "Hmm," and added that His Honor himself would have to answer those questions and that he would see me soon. Since Mr. Slocum seemed to have a little time to spare, I told him about the warden who had made armbands for his entire sector and the superintendent who had invented the siren, and this news sent him into such a fit of depression that I was puzzled. "Don't you see?" Mr. Slocum more or less moaned. "It could turn into a racket." I learned then how much faith some of our city officials have in the average New Yorker. "You get authorized people like wardens taking things into their own hands, and pretty soon *un*authorized people begin taking things into their own hands, and you get confusion," Mr. Slocum concluded with what seemed to me to be a remarkable understatement, if true. I said I saw his point, but that I didn't see what else the wardens could do under the circumstances, and that I admired their spirit. "That's the trouble," Mr. Slocum said gloomily. "We're faced with a terrific amount of good will, which we have to suppress." I said, "Why suppress it? Why not *direct* it?," and then, taking the words out of his mouth, I added, "Of course, it's easy for *me* to talk."

Mr. Slocum agreed, and continued, "As for wardens making their own armbands, of course that's ridiculous. In the first place, homemade armbands are not official, and besides there are three

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authorized firms in Manhattan alone, licensed by the OCD to make armbands, and they're turning them out faster than anybody could use them." I asked him the names of the firms, and he sent a stenographer upstairs to the Bureau of Information to find out. She came back with a sheet of paper on which three names and addresses were typewritten: Joel & Aronoff, 137 Fifth Avenue; Herbert Lehman, Inc., 47 West Thirty-fourth Street; and the Spiegel Novelty Company, 17 Ann Street.

To change the subject, which appeared to grieve Mr. Slocum acutely, I asked him how many air wardens there were altogether in Greater New York. He sent the question by a stenographer to the Information Bureau, and she came back with another typewritten slip: "210,552 air-raid wardens have enrolled in the five boroughs as of December 30, 1941 . . . 95,119 air-raid wardens have been enrolled since Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941."

Mr. Slocum said he thought the Mayor might see me any minute, and he took me to the Palm Room, a dusty antechamber outside the Mayor's office, and left me with the cheery word that it wouldn't be long now. Behind the closed doors at my back I could hear His Honor's outraged falsetto carrying on an interesting though apparently one-sided conversation. "Why, you ——!" he shrieked. "You're telling *me* what to do! Get this. I'm telling *you* what to do! I won't stand for it! I won't have it!" This monologue continued for quite a while, growing more and more colorful, and I listened happily until the doors opened and a vaguely familiar-looking man came wanly out and went away. It wasn't until I read the papers that evening that I realized that this was Mr. O'Dwyer, Brooklyn's district attorney, and that the scene I had been privileged to overhear was the reconciliation between O'Dwyer and LaGuardia, in which, the City Hall reporters smoothly narrated, they had "buried the hatchet and made their peace."

Mayor LaGuardia looked small, belligerent, and strangely defenseless behind his huge desk when I went into his office. I got to the point as quickly as possible and posed my three questions. To the question about the $100,000,000 appropriation for Civilian Defense, the Mayor said darkly, "If they'd given it to me last September, when I asked for it, we'd have our equipment by now. But we'll get it, we'll get it." With the question about the siren situation, I asked him if there was any truth in the report

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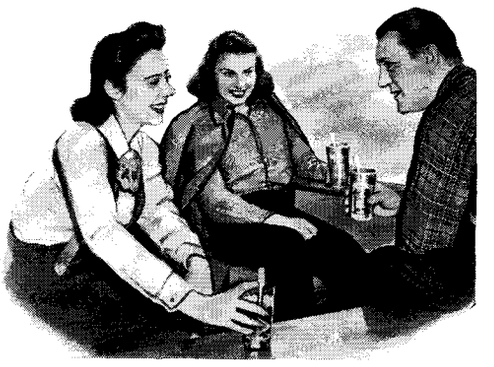

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of an R.C.A. invention consisting of a small box which, hung on the wall of an apartment or a private house, would, by radio control, give out an individual air-raid alarm to all the occupants. The Mayor brightened. "Child," he said, "if we could *only* have those! They're miraculous! But we can't get the materials. Priorities," he explained, returning to gloom. I asked him about air-warden equipment on hand, if any, and he said enthusiastically, "We have got one million gas masks on educational order, and later we'll have *fifty* million, if needed. They'll be manufactured according to Army standard, all alike, and none of this nonsense about one mask for the boss and another for the butler. We'll have small sizes for babies, of course, and for the kids we'll have Mickey Mouse masks—takes their mind off the thing, you know." He grinned at me so engagingly that I stifled my feeling of despair at hearing him talk of all these things as being in the future. But my momentary silence seemed to affect him, for he glowered at me and suddenly said, "Not one piece about Civilian Defense has been written so far by anybody who knew a damn thing about it."

Encouraged, I said that that was why I had come to see him, that I would like to find out the facts so as to write an accurate piece. The Mayor beamed at me. "Anything you want to know," he said, "you just write us a letter and we'll give you the full information."

"Well," I said. I tore the page containing my three questions out of my notebook and put it on the desk before him. He glanced at it and put his elbow on it, looking up at me in a reassuring way. "Just write us a letter," he repeated, "and tell us what you want to know."

As I left the Mayor's office I passed one of the volunteer girls in uniform, who was telephoning from a desk in the hall. "Where are my buttons?" she was saying anxiously. "The new buttons for my *uniform*. I ordered them a week ago, and you promised them yesterday, and I simply *have* to have them!" Her voice followed me dimly as I walked through the long corridor and out into the threatened city.

—Margaret Case Harriman

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In Hollywood she lives alone in a small apartment with her late husband's books, her own green dishes and her car.

—*The Times*

Probably the back seat pulls out and makes a bed.

MAX GORDON HITS

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Buoyant, giddy & funny"
—Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
WATCH ON THE RHINE
with
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
Definitely closes February 21
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Feb. 12

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. CI. 6-6740.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 12

Last Weeks!
Positively closes February 28
MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
MACBETH
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. PEnn. 6-8220
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 23

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Feb. 12

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC THEA., West 44th St. CI. 6-0730
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED., SAT. & FEB. 12

EDDIE CANTOR
in the New Musical Comedy
BANJO EYES
HOLLYWOOD Th., B'way & 51st CI. 7-5545. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thursday & Saturday
Performance Sunday Nights

THURSDAY EVG., FEB. 12
COSMOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, 135 W. 55 ST.
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THE THEATRE

MORE OR LESS BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

JOHN VAN DRUTEN's adaptation of Edwin Corle's "Solitaire," at the Plymouth, is something of a tight-rope-walking stunt. For the greater part of its two acts, a little rich girl called Virginia, the daughter of a Pasadena banker, and an old tramp called Ben, the fortunate possessor of a pet rat, skirt the brink of an abyss of whimsy at least as deep and dangerous as the arroyo in which most of the action takes place. That they never quite fall in is largely the result of Mr. van Druten's skill as an editor. He is helped by the fact that the most bothersome portions of Mr. Corle's book are the quaint thoughts which go on in his young heroine's head and these obviously can't be reproduced on the stage, but he has also cut down the actual conversation with considerable discrimination. The bright child and the homely philosopher still talk too much, reducing many difficult abstractions to words of one syllable if not to absurdity, but their innocent nonsense usually stops short of being really painful, and from time to time it even has a sort of simple-minded charm.

Although the relationship between Virginia and Ben is the principal theme of "Solitaire," Mr. Corle had other ideas on his mind and I'm not sure that these have been so successfully transferred to the stage. The inability of the child's parents to understand her enthusiasm for rats and bums, handled with some subtlety in the book, appears to have been drastically simplified in Mr. van Druten's version, the mother especially having been transformed from a well-meaning, if over-conventional, woman to a hysterical nitwit. Originally there was also a rather interesting parallel between the embryo Fascism practiced by the golfers at the country club and the hobos in the arroyo. This, too, has been somewhat mutilated at the Plymouth, and while it may have been unavoidable, it is a pity, because "Solitaire" needs every note of adult observation it can get. Finally, I doubt if the sinister climax, when the other tramps turn viciously on Virginia and Ben, is as effectively handled as it might have been. The transition in mood is too abrupt and a certain amount of necessary exposition seems to have been lost in the excitement.

Alfred Hitchcock's daughter, Pat, in probably the longest part ever memorized by a twelve-year-old, gives a fine, poised performance, notably free from cute tricks, and Victor Kilian, as Ben, makes that voluble antique an attractive and reasonably plausible figure, even when he's paraphrasing William James. The others, including Ben Smith, Sally Bates, and Frederic Tozere, do well enough, without too much assistance from the playwright, while Jo Mielziner's arroyo is about the best set I've seen this year. On the whole, "Solitaire," while a mild play at best, should have a modest success, especially with those ladies who attend matinées.

"PORGY AND BESS"

Porgy (Todd Duncan) seems to have his Bess (Anne Brown) in this picture, but Sportin' Life (Avon Long) will get her in the end. Cheryl Crawford's revival of the Gershwin-Heyward opera at the Majestic is something you shouldn't miss.

IN a recent interview, Ben Hecht, a Chicago firebrand, observed that one of the troubles with dramatic criticism is that it knows no middle ground. Every review is either a denunciation or it is a paean. Conceding that there is some justice in this remark, I will attempt to deal temperately with "Lily of the Valley," Mr. Hecht's late, unhappy venture at the Windsor. This piece, then, struck me as a much more successful tribute to its author's heart than to his head. It was badly constructed, carelessly written, deeply felt, occasionally eloquent, occasionally tasteless, rather exciting when it descended to frank melodrama, pretty elementary and dull when it masqueraded as a social document. Imagining the resurrection of seven assorted stiffs in a New York morgue, Mr. Hecht must have been under the impression that he was writing a fantasy. This form, however, has its own rules, no less strict than those that govern a sonnet. The author, of course, is allowed to create his own world, but

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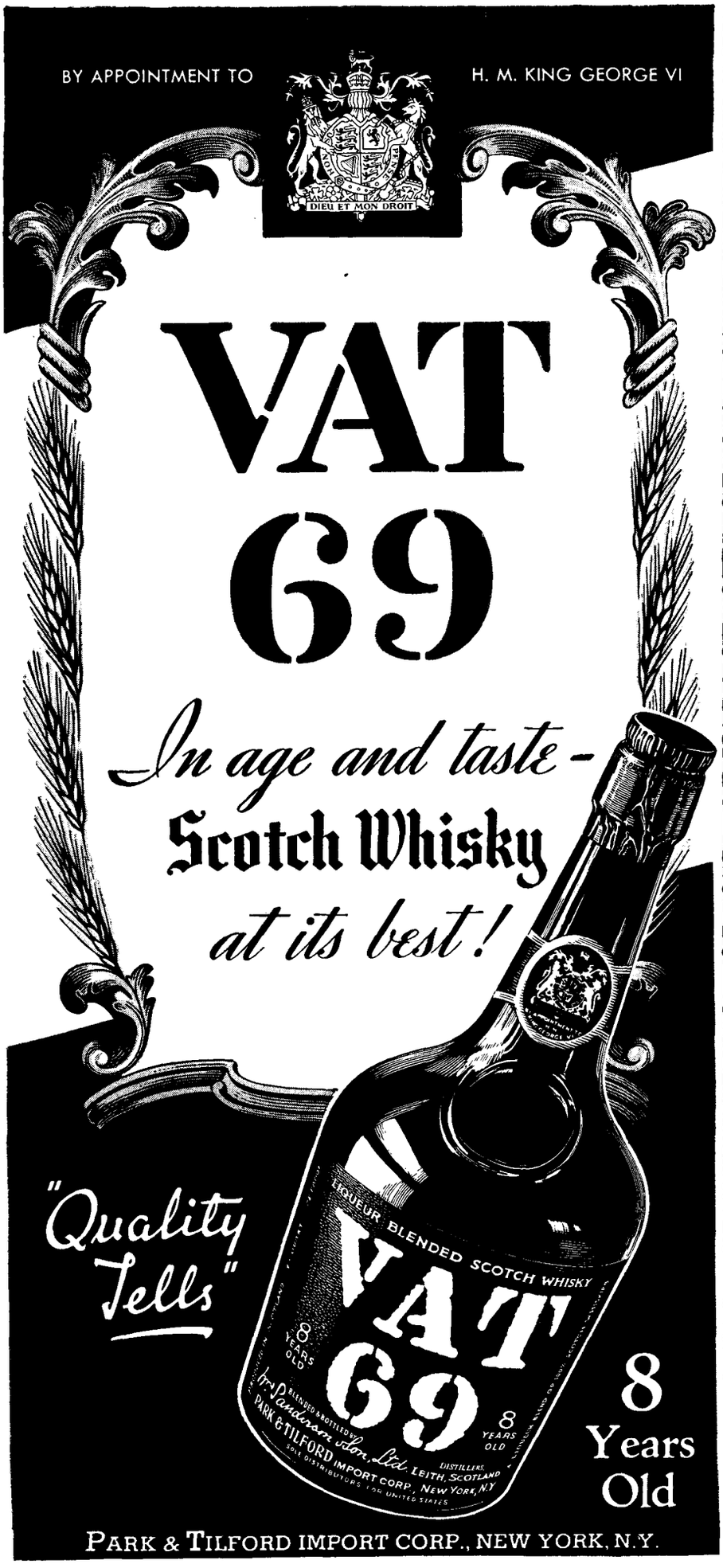

he is also obliged to define its limits (fantasy *without* limits becomes nonsense) and then to observe them. Since "Lily of the Valley" violated this principle again and again, I'm afraid that he was mistaken. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure just *what* the tenant at the Windsor was, except that, as the work of a man of undoubted talent, it was a great disappointment. There were excellent performances by Myron McCormick, Siegfried Rumann, Minnie Dupree, Clay Clement, and Will Lee, but they weren't enough to overcome the fundamental disorder of Mr. Hecht's play.

ON Saturday, at the Longacre, I had a somewhat peculiar experience. It was the third night of Luther Greene's revival of "Hedda Gabler" (I was kept away from the first two by a low, mysterious fever) and the attendance was sparse. Across the aisle from me sat Tony Canzoneri, the former lightweight champion of the world, a small, battered Italian whom I had never somehow suspected of a devotion to Ibsen. Further back, in an almost deserted sector of the house, an eleven-year-old actor called Tommy Lewis, a survivor of a recent theatrical disaster himself, watched the performance sardonically. His opinion of it was obvious and included gestures. On the aisle well forward, if I'm not mistaken, Professor William Lyon Phelps, the holder of a watching brief for culture, shushed his neighbors benevolently from time to time. Directly behind me, two natives of the Broadway district looked on with mounting bewilderment. During the scene in which Hedda learned to her disgust that Lovborg had shot himself in the stomach instead of aesthetically in the temple, one turned to the other in despair. "Say, what's *with* this dame, anyway?" he asked anxiously. To be fair to him, it wasn't easy to tell exactly what *was* with Miss Katina Paxinou's version of the famous connoisseur of suicides. Her Hedda had a sultry, writhing quality more suitable to the Nile than a fiord and she spoke in a dialect best described as Greek with an English accent. The other members of the cast were clearly intimidated by her novel interpretation and even such veterans as Cecil Humphreys, Ralph Forbes, and Henry Daniell dealt with her apprehensively. Nor was anybody assisted by a translation which rendered such a phrase as "a real human being" into the Hollywoodism of "a real person." It was quite a night, rich in surprise.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 31 (BY CABLE)

NOW that the tumult and the shouting of the war debate has died, people are beginning, metaphorically speaking, to take their own temperatures and ask themselves if they are feeling any better. On the whole, it does seem as though those three days of hearing their anxieties aired have done the British good, though not all the good they hoped. On Tuesday, as office crowds went to get some lunch, they heard newsdealers shouting that the Prime Minister's statement was out. "Cheerful Charlie, ain't 'e?" was the comment of one particularly hoarse cockney to his companion as he jerked his thumb toward a poster on which a newsie had chalked up "Churchill says bad news and worse to come." The cockney didn't sound displeased, however. Most Britons enjoy a fight and a good fighter, and the Prime Minister had turned in a display of pugilistics that was practically faultless. Seemingly, the House, though dazzled, wasn't knocked completely groggy, judging by the hard hitting that went on in the ensuing debate. One of the speeches, which impressed moderate people because it summed up excellently what they are feeling and fearing, came from Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, a Conservative member of high standing, who didn't mince his words in what he had to say about military strategy abroad and production efforts at home. A strange feature of the proceedings was the apparent reluctance, in the course of all the talk about unsatisfactory Ministers, to name them. The landslide vote of confidence was expected; nine out of ten ordinary Englishmen would have voted the same way if they could have squeezed into the lobby with the critics.

This isn't to say that Parliamentary or public uneasiness has subsided. Totting up what has been gained by the debate, worried citizens note that they have been given a Minister of Production, which is a somewhat vague answer to the clamor for an Imperial War Cabinet, and a promise that the House's criticisms will be considered with an open mind. In spite of the Prime Minister's admission that he felt the burden of office weighing heavily upon him, the desired shifting of some of the load onto other shoulders was not mentioned. As for getting rid of those deadweight colleagues, whom loyalty apparently prevents him from dumping, someone suggested in a letter to the *Times* that those colleagues, since they must realize that nobody's confidence dwells with them, should do the gentlemanly thing and dump themselves. On the whole, the only clear point which has come out of the debate is that nobody can envisage being led to victory by anyone except Mr. Churchill, who will lead them, he has made it equally clear, only at his own pace and by the route he considers best. With that, at the moment, it would appear the public must be content.

THERE'S very little else in the news, unfortunately, that is contributing to local contentment. One of the few bright spots was the arrival of the American troops in Ulster, which cheered people here enormously, not least the Canadian troops, who were hopeful that the new garrison would eventually release some of them for action. The news of the Japanese naval losses in the Strait of Macassar was also heartening, and there's mounting admiration for the Dutch, who wasted no breath telling the world that they were ready for anything but realistically set about proving it. Except for these items and the new Russian successes, the British public has had nothing but gloomy reading. There is no getting away from the fact that the Libyan setback has been a bitter blow. This hasn't been softened by the newspaper reporting of the campaign, which started off by having Rommel tied up and pretty well annihilated every other day; then spoke indignantly of bad weather, as though the elements had unsportingly put an obstacle exclusively in the way of the British; and finally trotted out the old one about "superior forces of the enemy," which bewildered Britons had supposed was for once a boot on the other foot. The sad general conclusion to be drawn from all this seems to be that history is again repeating itself, with Auchinleck standing in for Wavell in this year's revival.

AN immediate local effect of the serious events in the East has been a tightening up along the food front, including rationing of cereals and dried fruits. Those who have the difficult job of shopping for a family find that the

HISTORIC guardian of China's temples, the Foo Dog wards off the spirits of evil. In rare jade or in gold surfaced lapel pins, you'll find him at Gump's, where such treasures and modern adaptations retain the steadfast faith of the Celestial Kingdom.

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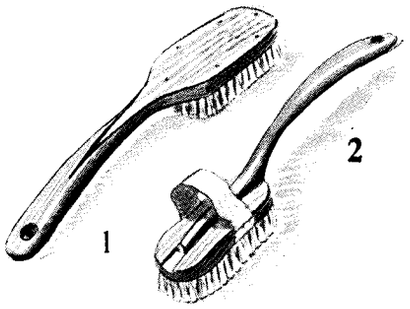

1—11.00
2—4.00
3—11.00

Mail and telephone orders

pinch of shortages has both more and less acute moments, of which this would seem to be one of the more acute ones. Milk rationing, under which adults are allowed only two pints a week, has probably been the biggest hardship to date, and there was considerable glumness over the recent announcement that it would be continued, with but a slight increase in the quota, through the summer. The Food Ministry has been flooded with letters, including one supposedly from a kitten, who plaintively announced that he caught mice for the government and hoped Lord Woolton would see his way clear to allowing him his little saucerful. In the country, the milk shortage has brought about a boom in goats, which appeal to people who haven't got the space or the nerve necessary to tackle a cow but who trustingly imagine that a goat is a handy sort of animal which keeps the lawn neat and practically milks itself. Country folk, who before the war were accustomed to paying perhaps thirty shillings for a nice nanny, are scandalized by the way rusticating Londoners, intent on insuring milk puddings for the children, are now scrambling to acquire the same creatures at around twelve pounds.

IT appears that the distinguished academic background of Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, the outgoing director general of the B.B.C., provided him with the intellectual but not the administrative equipment necessary for the job of controlling an organization which has expanded as rapidly as a genie out of a bottle. Ordinary listeners seemed less interested in his departure, however, than they have been in some of the B.B.C.'s minor dustups. There is still violent feeling, for instance, over a new North Country announcer called Wilfred Pickles, who reads the news in a Manchester accent which some people think is awful and others think a nice change from the usual Balliol radio English. Sad to say, the news would sound unpleasant in any accent nowadays. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

If you spell a name over the telephone this year of our Lord 1942 don't say "a" as in Alfred; "f" as in "Frank." Instead, say "A" as in America; "F" as in "Freedom:" "L" as in "F" as in "Freedom:" "L" as in emphasize American ideals thus was Miss Winifred Baum . . .
—*Chicago Sun.*

"Baum" as in "Confusion."

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Enjoy true California comfort on your next trip West. You'll find it in full measure here — swimming, sunning, golf, tennis, riding — yet be less than 25 minutes distant from aircraft plants, movie and radio studios, or downtown Los Angeles.

Eleven relaxing acres of trees and flowers, yet every facility for your business efficiency.

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is one little matter which the Führer did not mention in his fireside chat. The advances of the Red Army have been greater than ever since he started to generalissimo.

•

For the recapture of Benghazi, General Rommel received the rank of field marshal. Now he must take special care of his health.

•

Russia finds that the Nazis are a bunch of ungracious guests. They complain of the bitter cold even though the Reds have done their best to make things hot for them.

•

The Russians, too, have heard the rumor that spring is on the way. They are trying to clear the Ukraine of trespassers in time for the plowing.

•

Leon Henderson has been given the job of fixing prices and rationing supplies. This is a highly important task and the shortest possible road to unpopularity.

•

Premier de Valera's feelings are hurt because he was not consulted about the establishment of an A.E.F. in Ulster. He had his little heart set on saying "No."

•

Daylight saving means that most people will have to get up in the cold, gray dawn. It looks as if *this* is going to be the Land of the Rising Sun.

•

Some senators were shocked to hear Secretary Wickard say that farmers should make sacrifices just like everybody else. People should not talk like that in an election year.

•

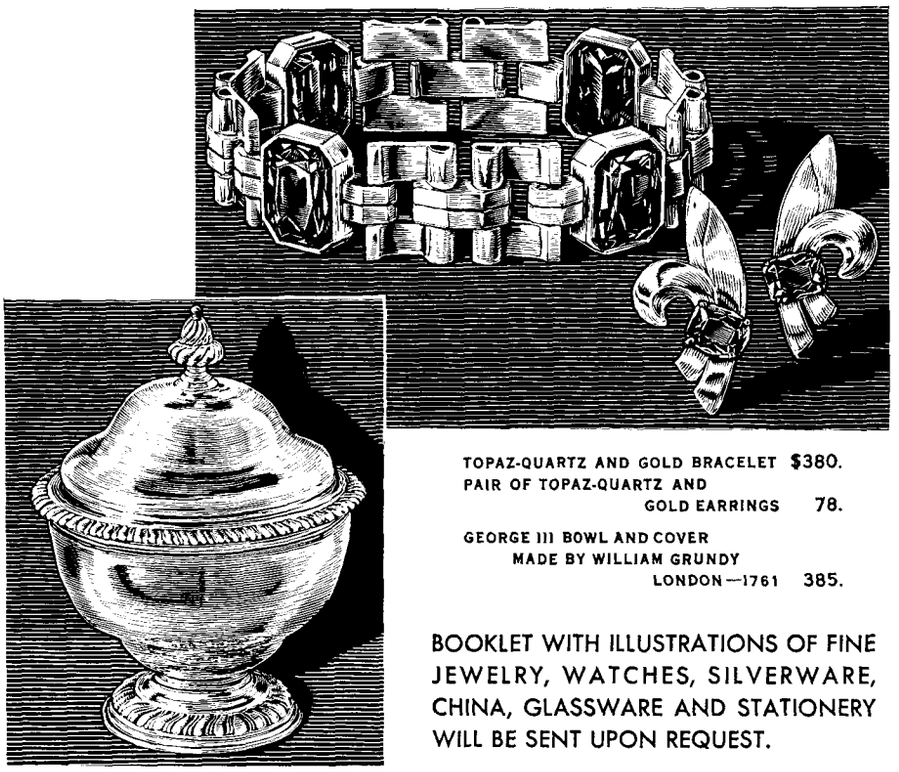
A federal court upholds the right of newspapers to own radio stations. In this free country, a publisher can sock us in the ear as well as the eye.

•

The Nazis have installed Quisling as head of the government of Norway. The Germans are justly famous for such deeds of tact and thoughtfulness.

•

Republicans hope to increase their representation in both houses of Congress. Maybe they can win an election while everyone is thinking about something else. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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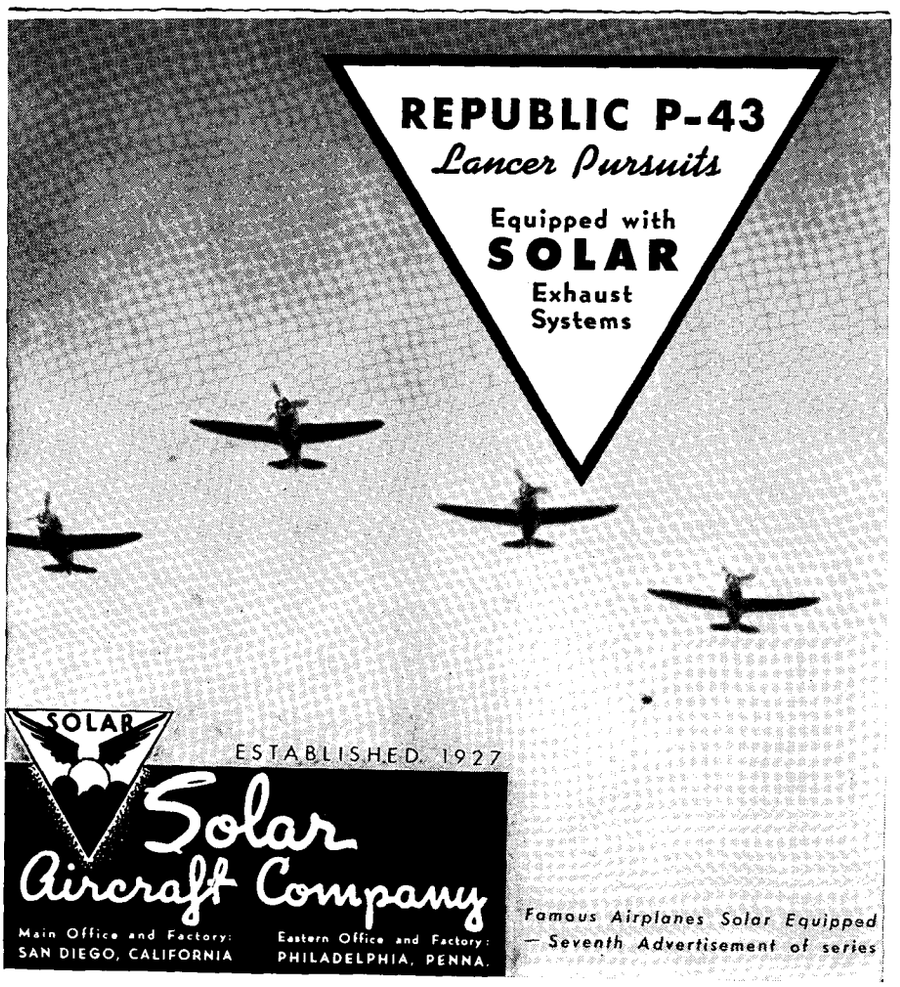

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CORRESPONDENCE

113 WHITEHALL STREET
DARIEN, CONN.
UNITED STATES
NOVEMBER 3, 1941

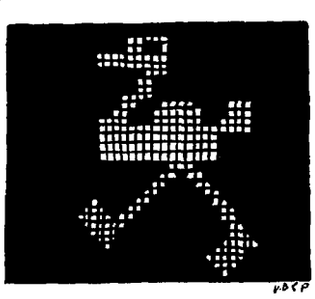
Manoel García,
Calle São José 120,
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil,
South America

DEAR MANOEL:

I GUESS seeing the American address on this letter you already know what it is. Your name was on the list tacked on the blackboard at High School of South American students we could correspond with. I was the one who picked your name.

Maybe I ought to tell you something about myself. I am a girl going on fourteen years of age and this is my first year at High School. It is hard to describe myself exactly. I am tall and my figure is not very good on account of I have grown too rapidly. My eyes are blue and I don't know exactly what color you would call my hair unless it would be a light brown. I like to play baseball and make scientific experiments (like with a chemical set) and read all kinds of books.

All my life I wanted to get to travel but the furtherest I have ever been away from home is Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Lately I have thought a whole lot about South America. Since choosing your name off the list I have thought a whole lot about you also and imagined how you are. I have seen photographs of the harbor in Rio de Janeiro and I can picture you in my mind's eye walking around the beach in the sun. I imagine you with liquid black eyes, brown skin, and black curly hair. I have always been crazy about South Americans although I did not know any of them and I always wanted to travel all over South America and especially to Rio de Janeiro.



As long as we are going to be friends and correspond I think we ought to know serious things about each other right away. Recently I have thought a whole lot about life. I have pondered over a great many things such as why we were put on the earth. I have decided that I do not believe in God. On the other hand I am not an atheist and I think there is some kind of a reason for everything and life is not in vain. When you die I think I believe that something happens to the soul.

I have not decided just exactly what I am going to be and it worries me. Sometimes I think I want to be an arctic explorer and other times I plan on being a newspaper reporter and working in to being a writer. For years I wished to be an actress, especially a tragic actress taking sad roles like Greta Garbo. This summer however when I got up a performance of Camille and I played Camille it was a terrible failure. The show was given in our garage and I can't explain to you what a terrible failure it was. So now I think mostly about newspaper reporting, especially foreign corresponding.

I do not feel exactly like the other Freshmen at High School. I feel like I am different from them. When I have a girl to spend the night with me on Friday night all they want to do is meet people down at the drug store near here and so forth and at night when we lie in the bed if I bring up serious subjects they are likely to go to sleep. They don't care anything much about foreign countries. It is not that I am terribly unpopular or anything like that but I am just not so crazy about the other Freshmen and they are not so crazy about me.

I thought a long time about you, Manoel, before writing this letter. And I have this strong feeling we would get along together. Do you like dogs? I have an airdale named Thomas and he is a one man dog. I feel like I have known you for a very long time and that we could discuss all sorts of things together. My Spanish is not so good naturally as this is my first term on it. But I intend to study diligently so that between us we can make out what we are saying when we meet each other.

I have thought about a lot of things. Would you like to come and spend your summer vacation with me next summer? I think that would be marvelous. Also other plans have been in my mind. Maybe next year after we have a visit together you could stay in my home and go to High School here and I could swap with you and stay in your home and go to South American High School. How does that strike you? I have not yet spoken to my parents about it because I am waiting until I get your opinion on it.

I am looking forward exceedingly to hearing from you and find out if I am right about our feeling so much alike about life and other things. You can write to me anything that you want to, as I have said before that I feel I already know you so well. *Adiós* and I send you every possible good wish.

Your affectionate friend,
HENKY EVANS

P. S. My first name is really Henrietta but the family and people in the neighborhood all call me Henky because Henrietta sounds sort of sissy. I am sending this air mail so that it will get to you quicker. *Adiós* again.

113 WHITEHALL STREET
DARIEN, CONN.,
U.S.A.
NOVEMBER 25, 1941

Manoel García,
Calle São José 120,
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil,
South America

DEAR MANOEL:

THREE weeks have gone by and I would have thought that by now there would be a letter from you. But it is entirely possible that communications take much longer than I had figured on, especially on account of the war. I read all the papers and the state of the world prays on my mind. I had not thought I would write to you again until I heard from you but as I said it must take a long time these days for things to reach foreign countries.

Today I am not at school. Yesterday morning when I woke up I was all broken out and swollen and red so that it looked like I had small pox at least. But when the doctor came he said it was hives. I took medicine and since then I have been sick in bed. I have been studying Latin as I am mighty close to flunking it. I will be glad when these hives go away.

There was one thing I forgot in my first letter. I think we ought to exchange pictures. Do you have a photograph of yourself, if so please send it as I want to really be sure if you look like what I think you do. I am enclosing a snapshot. The dog scratching himself in the corner is my dog Thomas and the house in the background is our house. The sun was in my eyes and that is why my face is all screwed up like that.

I was reading a very interesting book the other day about the reincarnation of souls. That means, in case you have not

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happened to read about it, that you live a lot of lives and are one person in one century and another one later on. It is very interesting. The more I think about it the more I believe it is true. What opinions do you have about it?

One thing I have always found it hard to realize is that about how when it is winter here it is summer below the equator. Of course I know why this is so, but at the same time it always strikes me as peculiar. Of course you are used to it. I have to keep remembering that it is now spring where you are, even if it is November. While the trees are bare here and the furnace is going it is just starting spring in Rio de Janeiro.

Every afternoon I wait for the postman. I have a strong feeling or a kind of a hunch that I will hear from you on this afternoon's mail or tomorrow. Communications must take longer than I had figured on even by air mail.

Affectionately yours,
HENKY EVANS

113 WHITEHALL STREET
DARIEN, CONN.,
U.S.A.
DECEMBER 29, 1941

Manoel García,
Calle São José 120,
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil,
South America

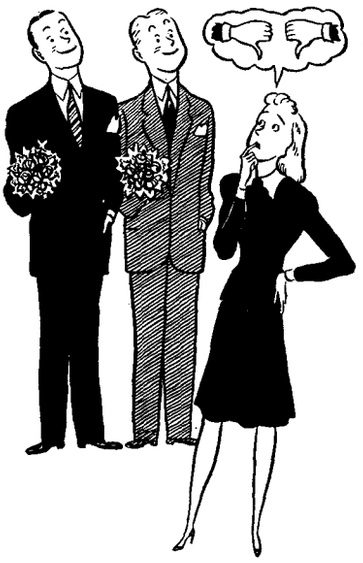
DEAR MANOEL GARCÍA:

I CANNOT possibly understand why I have not heard from you. Didn't you receive my two letters? Many other people in the class have had letters from South Americans a long time ago. Nearly two months have gone by since I started the correspondence.

Recently it came over me that maybe you have not been able to find anybody who knows English down there and can translate what I wrote. But it seems to me that you would have been able to find somebody and anyway it was understood that the South Americans whose names were on the list were studying English.

Maybe both the letters were lost. I realize how communications can sometimes go astray, especially on account of the war. But even if one letter was lost it seems to me like the other one would have arrived there all right. I just cannot understand it.

But perchance there is some reason I do not know about. Maybe you have been very sick in the hospital or maybe your family moved from your last address. I may hear from you very soon



In the usual ad
It's the fellow-who-uses-the-product for whom the heroine has it bad.
But suppose
Both of *two* beaus
Use it
Then who's it?
A little patience, old man,
And we'll tell you about Grace, Bill, and Dan.

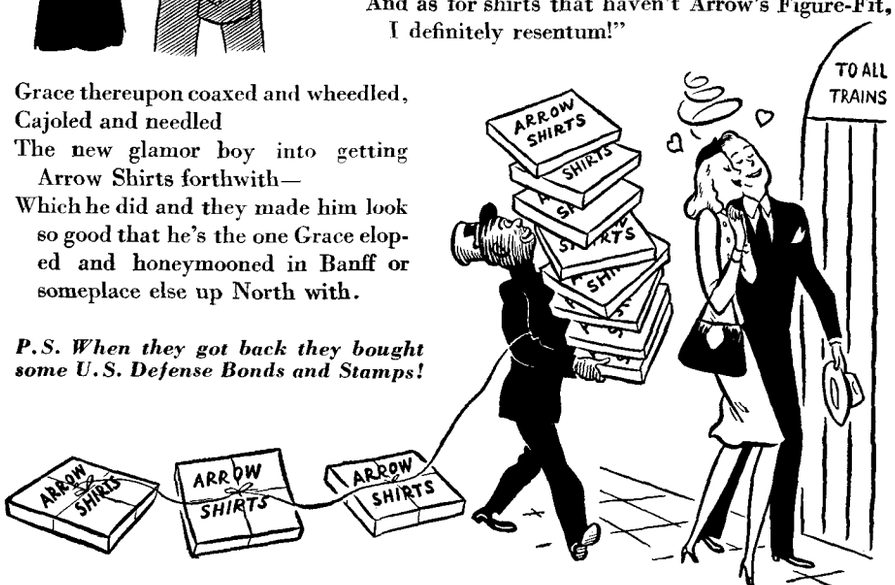
Each in turn would take her to the Strand,
Then dancing to a juke box or sometimes a real, live band.
Both had fair jobs with fair salaries;
Both consumed sufficient calories;
And both wore Arrow Shirts and looked swell in them.
BUT—both lacked something to ring the bell in them.

Well, who should come into's Grace's life and say "Hozzit?"
But a composite
Of your favorite movie actors.
He was wonderful, except his shirts which looked as though they had a going-over by a squad of tractors,
And which started in life as 15's and proceeded to diminish
And whose collars looked what-the-cat-dragged-inish.

Grace took Good Old Dan or was it Good Old Bill aside
And pried:
"Mmm, that's a nice shirt. Tell me about it."
"It's an Arrow," said Dan (or Bill). "Wouldn't be without it!
Arrows have the finest collars extant.
Shrink? Why, Arrows *can't*—
Not even one per-centum!
And as for shirts that haven't Arrow's Figure-Fit, I definitely resentum!"

Grace thereupon coaxed and wheedled,
Cajoled and needled
The new glamor boy into getting Arrow Shirts forthwith—
Which he did and they made him look so good that he's the one Grace eloped and honeymooned in Banff or someplace else up North with.

P.S. When they got back they bought some U.S. Defense Bonds and Stamps!



ARROW SHIRTS

See: ARROW HITT • ARROW DART • ARROW DALE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

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and it will all be straightened out. If there has been some such mistake please do not think that I am mad with you for not hearing sooner. I still sincerely want us to be friends and carry on the correspondence because I have always been so crazy about foreign countries and South America and I felt like I knew you right at the first.

I am all right and I hope you are the same. I won a five pound box of cherry candy in a benefit raffle given to raise money for the needy at Christmas.

As soon as you get this please answer and explain what is wrong, otherwise I just cannot understand what has happened. I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,
HENRIETTA EVANS

113 WHITEHALL STREET
DARIEN, CONN.,
U.S.A.
JANUARY 20, 1942

Mr. Manoel García,
Calle São José 120,
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil,
South America

DEAR MR. GARCÍA:

I HAVE sent you three letters in all good faith and expected you to fulfill your part in the idea of American and South American students corresponding like it was supposed to be. Nearly every other person in the class got letters and some even friendship gifts, even though they were not especially crazy about foreign countries like I was. I expected to hear every day and gave you the benefits of all the doubts. But now I realize what a grave mistake I made.

All I want to know is this. Why would you have your name put on the list if you did not intend to fulfill your part in the agreement? All I want to say is that if I had known then what I know now I most assuredly would have picked out some other South American.

Yrs. truly,
MISS HENRIETTA HILL EVANS

P.S. I cannot waste any more of my valuable time writing to you.

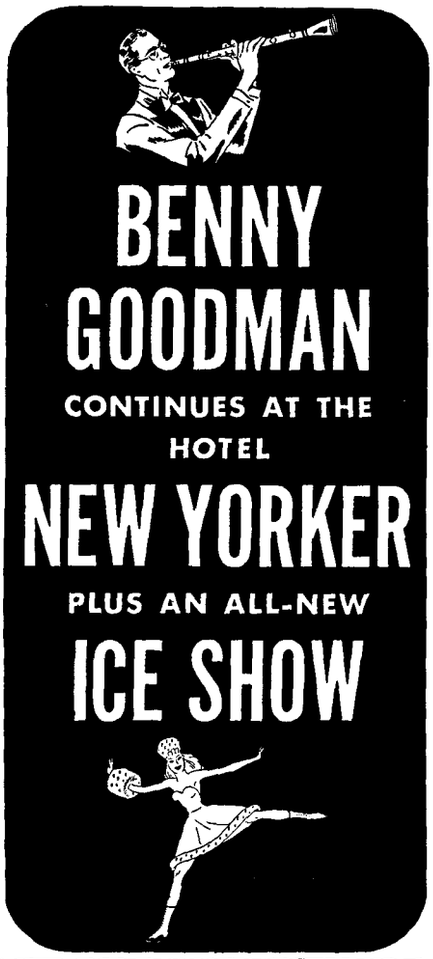
—CARSON MCCULLERS

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a publicity release from the Mutual Broadcasting System*]

The programs emanate from the West Ballroom of the Shoreham, so called because its design was patterned after the East Room of the White House.



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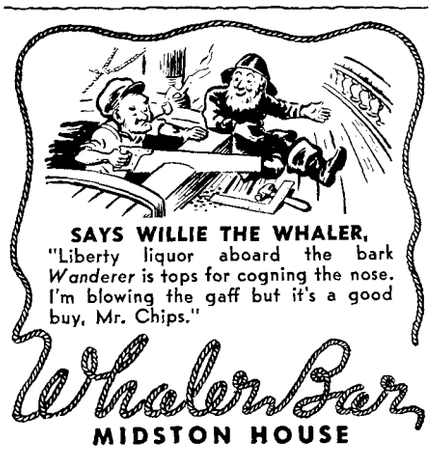
"HANDS ACROSS the KEYBOARDS"
with LIVINGSTON GEARHART and VIRGINIA MORLEY
FRANCES MERCER with her songs
PAUL SPARR and his orchestra
GUS MARTEL alternating
Theatre Dinner • Dinner • Supper • Dancing
At Luncheon — MAXIMILIAN and his ensemble
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET


SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Liberty liquor aboard the bark Wanderer is tops for cogning the nose. I'm blowing the gaff but it's a good buy, Mr. Chips."
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MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

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Pinehurst
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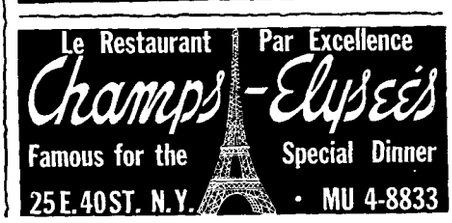

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Couple of Concerti—"Faust" Redone

A PIANO concerto composed and played by a seventy-year-old New Yorker was the novelty at Sir Thomas Beecham's first concert this season with the New York City Symphony. Our fellow-townsman was Courtlandt Palmer, and although his name wasn't familiar to musicgoers—possibly because most of his career has been in Europe—it was evident, after a few minutes of his concerto, that he certainly knows how to write for piano and orchestra. The concerto was unusual in that, though created in our time, it was a genuine example of old-line romanticism. There were attractive melodies treated skillfully, and the piano part was the real old-fashioned virtuoso stuff. That special sort of thing isn't written much nowadays, and its vocabulary isn't current musical idiom, but Mr. Palmer's concerto was a success because it was entirely honest music. In short, a natural.

Mr. Palmer was his own soloist, and served his composition effectively, although he might have underlined the brilliant passages more strongly. Sir Thomas took care of the orchestral elements with his wonted understanding, and a few blops in the playing could have been charged off to the instrumental setup, which placed the raised lid of the piano between the conductor and his band, with the result that some of the players probably couldn't always see the baton.

Another American work on this program was "The Streets of Florence," by Horace Johnson, the able composer who is director of the city's WPA Music Project. Mr. Johnson's engaging suite wasn't having a première, though. In fact, it's something of a best-seller with orchestras, this having been its twelfth performance.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony and the Busch brothers—Fritz conducting and Adolf appearing as violin soloist—introduced Max Reger's violin concerto to Carnegie Hall. This concerto used to be a sixty-five-minute item, but Adolf Busch had trimmed it and lightened its orchestration so that it seemed normal enough in length and in the tonal balance between the solo fiddle and the band. Each of the three movements began as if a satisfying session were about to take place, but there was nothing arresting about the concerto, which was, on the whole, still amiably ponderous. The Busches, however, couldn't have done better by it if it had been a dazzling masterpiece, and I suspect that the applause was meant mostly for the brothers.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM continued to be operatic as well as symphonic news, conducting "Faust" at the Metropolitan with a sensitive appreciation of the lyricism of the opera. This was a sort of new edition of "Faust," because, along with the novelty of Sir Thomas as conductor of the piece, there was repainted scenery, revised staging by Herbert Graf, and Miss Licia Albanese as a new Metropolitan Marguerite. Miss Albanese's singing was musicianly rather than brilliant, but her high notes were surefire. Her associates, mostly veterans of previous Metropolitan "Fausts," were efficient, and Mr. Graf's devices for action resulted in some striking groupings and gave a good pace to the show. Among his more obvious innovations was having the townsfolk toss a couple of rubber balls around in the early moments of the Kermesse scene. I don't think that the pitching and catching would have drawn good notices from such critics as Joe McCarthy, Mel Ott, and Leo Durocher.

IN the choral department, the Dessoff Choirs and their accomplished conductor, Paul Boepple, added to the long list of their services with a program of music by Orlandus Lassus. For many of us, Lassus is an important name in scholarly essays, and the Dessoffs demonstrated that his compositions are something to hear and enjoy as well as to read about.

TO complete a record: The member of the Metropolitan "Le Coq d'Or" ballet whose synchronization of a prop instrument with the orchestra was noted enthusiastically in this precinct two weeks ago is Miss Rita Holzer.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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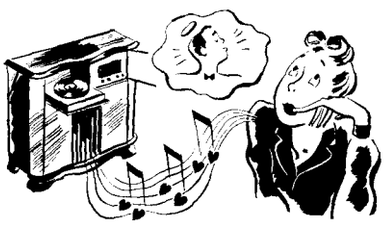
—*Headline in the Los Angeles Journal.*

We all must serve.

How to say "Be My Valentine" though tongue-tied

YOU COULD SEND HER A DAISY WITH ONLY ONE PETAL . . . or a chunk of the Blarney Stone . . . but if you want to be *really* eloquent on Valentine Day, get her a Victor *Musical Smart Set.*



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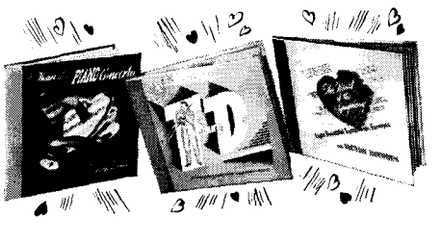

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE has been considerable speculation and prophecy among fashion experts over the fate of the "basic" costume (often custom-made) in a world full of dizzying taxes, rationing deprivations, and war work. There are many who hold that women will feel guilty spending a substantial sum on anything designed solely for them. Others are equally certain that women will want to save the time and fussing and extra money that so often go into the purchase of several bargain ensembles (each of which presents a separate accessory problem) by concentrating on one or two costumes that are good, undatable, and amenable to many whimsical variations. According to this school, with which I am inclined to go along, if your navy-blue reefer has correct lines, you can pick up effective and inexpensive dresses to vary it just as easily as you can pick up blouses for a well-cut suit, and in either case your basic-costume problem is solved. Moreover, if a dress is simple and Does Things for your figure, it cannot become monotonous, at least as long as hats remain as frivolous as they are. Best of all, a busy woman need take no time out to make complicated fashion decisions if her wardrobe revolves around one black, gray, or navy background costume. Assuming that she has shoes and a handbag to match, all she needs is a crazy lapel pin from the five-and-ten or a froth of veiling to give that costume new life without undue expenditure of time or money.

The tailored suits of Knize, once of Paris and now of 20 East 56th Street, are an expensive case in point. Though Knize is first and foremost a man's tailor, he does not relegate women's suits to a secondary place; he gives them very special and delicate attention. Nor does he make them aggressively masculine. (He does not cotton to the idea of twin suits for men and women, though he will go as far as to make them in fabrics whose colors harmonize.) The jackets are longish, with rounded, natural shoulders and an easily fitted waistline; the skirts, whether slit slightly at the sides or not, are straight. For cocktails, there is a beautifully tailored model, called Tuxedo, of black hopsacking with bengaline lapels and curving pockets; you wear a white piqué vestee with this. Among the wool suits, there is a double-breasted one of dove-gray Shetland wool with a diamond weave, cut with the highest of lapels. Knize also makes suits of a pure silk so heavy that it tailors like wool. The prices of these suits begin at $185, but you can count on wearing one for many seasons. Knize also proffers the perfect chinchilla reefer—straight, loosely fitted, with a belt across the back, and costing $195.

AILEEN RICE, at 16 East 52nd Street, does wonders with hand-knits, so deftly and cunningly contrived that they give the effect of fine tweeds. The suits she shows include one of gray wool that has a straight jacket, fashioned in a strange oval knit, with a turnover collar and four patch pockets; the skirt is knit in vertical bands to give the effect of gores. Her favorite colors are beige, gray, and navy, and she likes the knits of jackets and skirts to contrast. Loose, casual topcoats in an intricate basket-weave stitch are likely to have raglan sleeves and deep, half-moon pockets. Her dresses begin at $85, which is her price for a one-piece bouclé tailored affair with short sleeves and a skirt knit to look as if it were on the bias. All are "classic" in a right sort of way, and all are custom-made.

ONCE you get your body meticulously fitted, there is nothing that can do more for your spirit than a hat by Sally Victor. Her latest collection,

"Mrs. Barnes is to have a complete head-to-toe—she's to be the victim in a bandage-instruction class."

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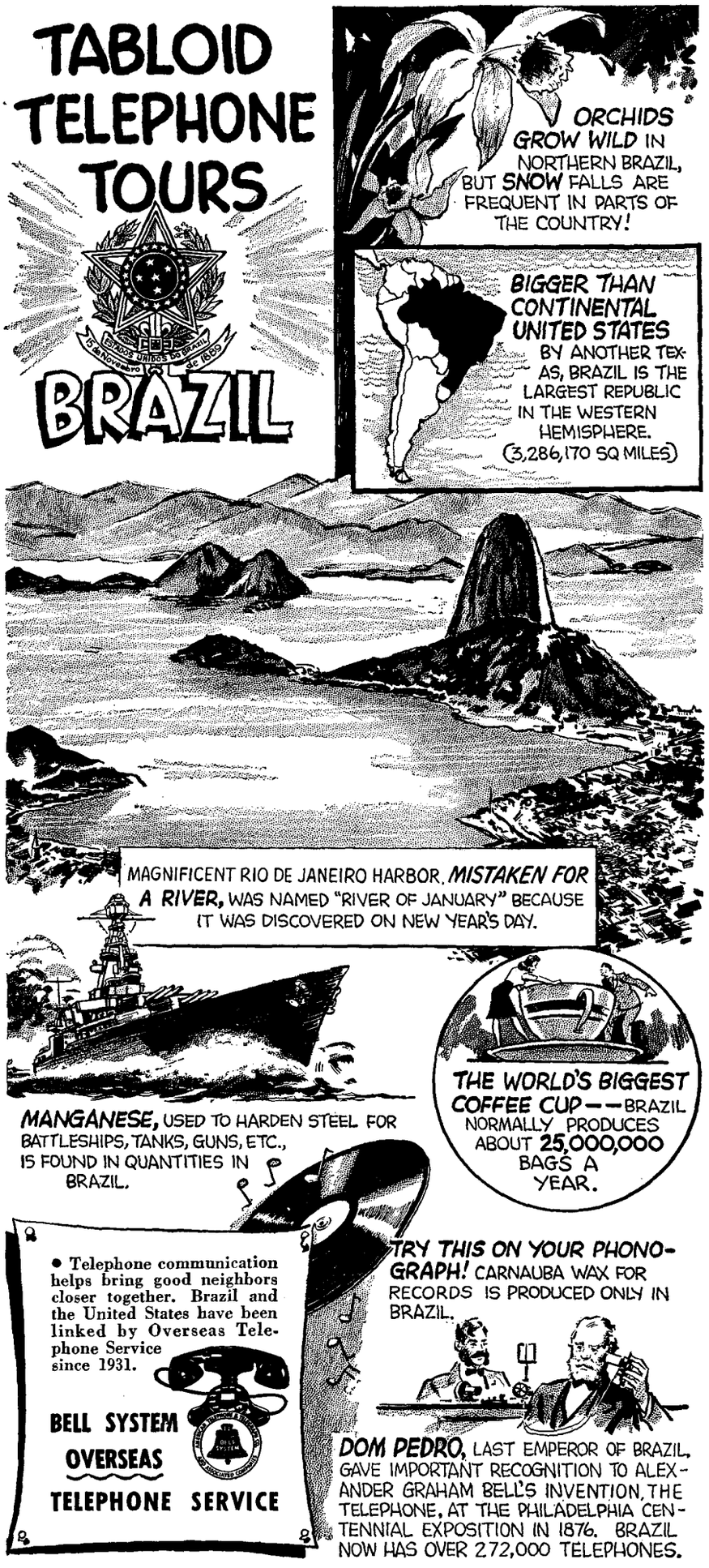
inspired, so we're told, by the paintings of other masters, like van Gogh, and dedicated to the solemn cause of civilian morale (press releases from milliners are wonderful), is in reality inspired more by Victor's unceasing crusade to make women look as attractive as possible. Hence there is a lot of delicate lingerie involved in her hats—white tatting, for example, over a navy-blue organdie foundation, sometimes in the primmest of bonnets, sometimes in dashing hats for suits. Then there are plenty of straws woven like the cane bottoms of chairs or Victorian iron furniture, notably many that are off the face and roll back to make a wide, fat double brim. There are also sailors that have tiny brims and tall crowns decorated with froufrou of another century—pink ribbon, say, around a crown, with feathers and flowers flaring up one side and towering above.

Victor has always been noted for her turbans. Those in the current crop are made of silk jersey and drape intricately around the head, terminating in deep loops of fabric over one or both ears. (It's the Libyan influence, this time.) These turbans demonstrate her knack for odd color combinations: one, in several shades of green, has bright-red cherries at either side of the face; another, yellow jersey combined with green straw, is trimmed with red poppies and mimosa. There is a great deal of gray veiling in a blithe mood; Victor unaccountably calls the color Bluebeard Gray. The newest and freshest design in a tailored felt hat (lovely in gray felt with white piqué piping) she has named Smacker. This consists of a skull cap, which fits the head snugly back of the hairline, and an off-the-face, heart-shaped brim turned down sharply everywhere except above the forehead, where, it is assumed, a pompadour takes place. All in all, these hats do what millinery is supposed to do—give some lift to everyday living.

TO make your face worthy of all these concoctions, Tone has opened a retail salon at 2 East 54th Street, where those who are not already acquainted with the firm's preparations can have them applied by experts in a facial that leaves your skin looking ten years younger and your expression correspondingly smug. The complexion tints are noteworthy, too. One clear brown liquid gives you a convincing tan that can range from a suggestion of faint health to a spectacular Miami-season look, according to the number of layers you apply. The liquid is followed by a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BRAZIL
ESTADOS UNIDOS DO BRAZIL
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ORCHIDS GROW WILD IN NORTHERN BRAZIL, BUT SNOW FALLS ARE FREQUENT IN PARTS OF THE COUNTRY!
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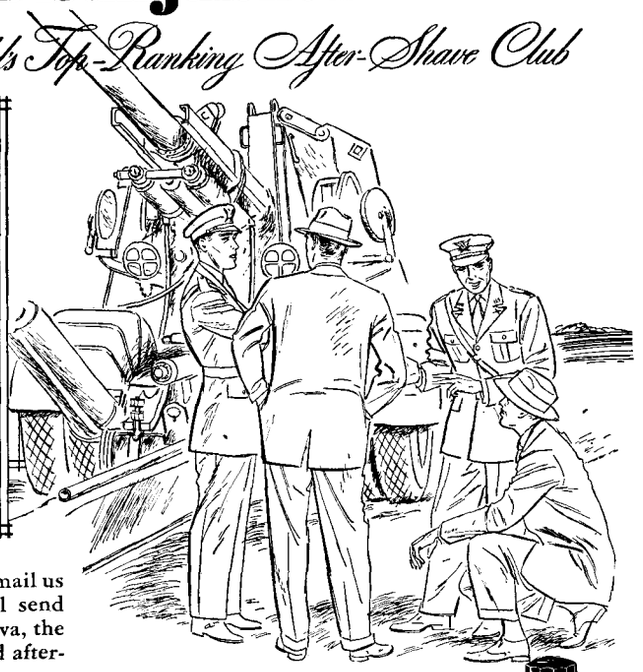

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

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powder which does not cake, and it is my opinion that no face powder can top this one. Another tint is a liquid rouge for pink-and-white skins that is lasting and practically foolproof. The white foundation lipstick, to apply on chapped lips before lipstick, is a beauty. Bonwit Teller and Franklin Simon also have Tone things.

Franklin Simon, I might add, is always a haven for good, inexpensive children's clothes. The shop has a way with brother-and-sister suits for children of around five, and there is an unusual selection of clothes for girls between seven and twelve, including piqué jumper dresses, ginghams in nice, faded plaids with trimmings of rickrack, flowered percale in small chintz patterns, peppermint-striped percales, and red or blue pin-dotted percales with peasant embroidery on the square necks and the sewing-bag pockets. Such things start at $1.98. Most of them have normal waistlines, as the most up-to-date mothers have found that the long torso line emphasizes tummies. At all ages, if you ask *me*.

The shop also has a good supply of duplicates of French infants' clothes made by Yolande in Puerto Rico. You know the kind of thing—pink, white, or pale-blue crêpe de Chine with fine embroidery, narrow lace, and other hand detail. Babies' coats of this are $17.95, which includes warm interlinings and bonnets to match; tailored, unlined coats with hand hemstitching and pleated fronts are $9.95 a set; batiste christening robes with lace and fine embroidery and a slip are $14.95.

—L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

• *Accept a Substitute*

Practical wine shoppers, who have come to realize that a lofty absorption in tracking down French vintages isn't getting them much of anywhere, are by now probably ready to investigate some substitutes for the European beverages which no longer reach us. Such sensible behavior will be rewarded not only by some slight feeling of making a start on the job in hand of taking things as we find them but by a number of very pleasant discoveries. There is, for instance, a considerable stock on hand of the Seppelt champagne from Australia, which seems to me one of the most satisfactory pinch-hitters for a good French growth champagne that have yet turned up. Perhaps my amazement at finding that the Aus-

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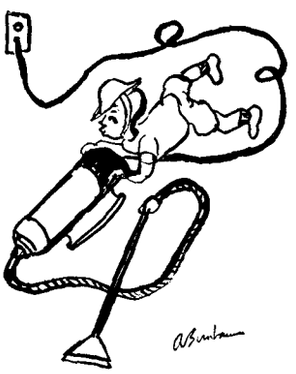
tralians were up to champagne of any sort tends to make me overenthusiastic about their wine, but the little I have tried so far has impressed me as unusually light and dry, with a clean, fresh aftertaste and therefore particularly acceptable for before-dinner drinking. It somehow tickles me to think of those dauntless Australians quietly making this champagne by themselves down there for I don't know how long without letting on about it to the rest of us. The price is around $4.50 a bottle at most good midtown wineshops.



A South African champagne made by Sarcey Frères and imported by Justerini & Brooks is less dry and a trifle more full-bodied than the Australian product. Without being actually sweet, it is distinctly on the soft side and is best, I think, served with a light dessert or employed as the makings of a superior cocktail. It costs something like $3.75 a bottle at M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd); Sherry Wine & Spirits, 678 Madison (61st); Monro Wines & Liquors, 20 East 57th Street; and the Mayo Liquor Store, 68 East End Avenue (82nd).

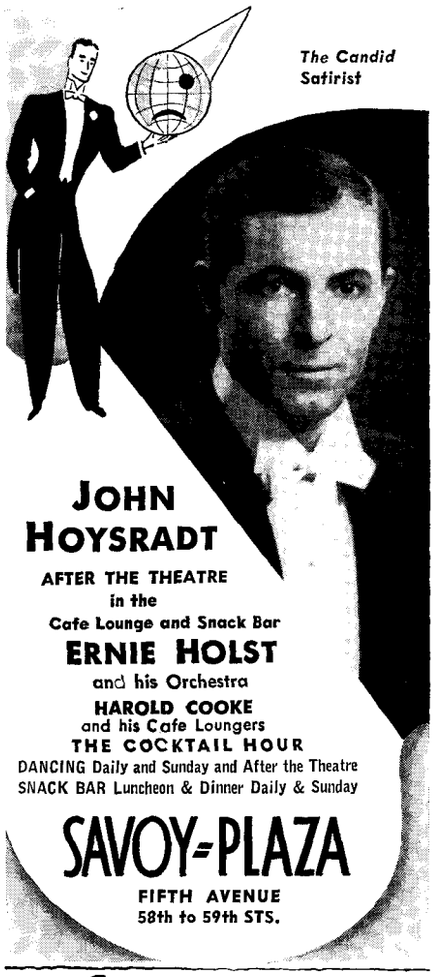
Lighter and drier than the South African champagne is the Valdivieso, imported from Chile by Frank Schoonmaker. While this product is nothing to get too excited about, it is much better than many of the so-called champagnes made on this side of the Atlantic in that it possesses the pleasing taste of wine as opposed to a doctored flavor. It is at its best in an extra-dry *cuvée* of 1931, which is drier than the same brand sold, undated, as *brut*. These cost $4.20 and $3.70 a bottle, respectively, and both are to be found at Sherry. Any Schoonmaker outlet can order them for you.

REPUTABLE French cognacs being as hard as the dickens to come by these days, a good deal of comfort will be derived by the less fanatic connoisseurs from the fact that a very decent South African brandy has appeared among us. This spirit, which is shipped under the name of Good Hope, is fairly light and agreeably lacking in that sharpness which is the curse, or one of the curses, of inferior brandy. I don't claim that the Good Hope brandy can be mistaken for a real cognac, but at least it has a recognizable likeness to some of the spirits which the big commercial houses used to bring us from the Charente. It costs in the neighborhood of $3.75 a bottle and can be bought at pretty nearly all the package stores in town.

Portuguese brandies are being shipped over right along in adequate quantities by way of England, and although many are of indifferent quality, with a pronounced spicy flavor unfamiliar to American palates, there are a few exceptions. One of these, a twenty-year-old brandy imported and bottled by Julius Wile under the name of Rivoli, is a spirit of some character and pleasant enough if you don't mind a distinct overtone of the port wine from which it is distilled. It is to be had at Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th), and costs $3.95 a bottle. Another above-the-average Portuguese brandy is brought over by Bellows. This is an eighty-six-proof, twenty-year-old spirit and costs about $3.75 a bottle at Bates & French, 96 Park Avenue (40th), and James McKernon, 44 East 53rd Street, and can be ordered at other shops carrying the Bellows products.

Once on the island of Cyprus, before all the shooting began, I recall drinking with a good deal of enjoyment a native brandy of considerable delicacy. I have often wondered why this pleasant spirit was unknown over here while less worthy Greek brandies, to which the Cyprus product bears some resemblance, were being freely imported. Now, for the first time as far as I know, a Cyprus brandy is for sale here, a ten-year-old one called Imperium, and it seems to me just about as agreeable as the spirit I had remembered. It is drier than any of the Portuguese specimens I have tried, being without their sweet, winy taste and possessing some character of its own. This can be bought at Sherry for $3.99 a bottle.

IT would certainly surprise the distinguished house of Williams & Humbert to find its excellent Cedro sherry, which is a rather thin *vino de pasto*, listed as a "substitute," and as a substitute for vermouth at that. I haven't the faintest idea what chemical principles are involved in the combination of gin and this sherry to make the resultant dry Martini taste enough like the prewar-vermouth kind to silence all those who are still grumbling about no Noilly Prat. The formula, as handed on to me by one who should know, at



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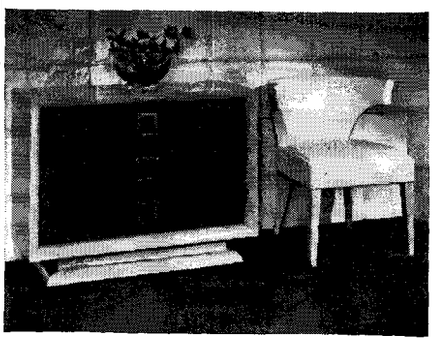

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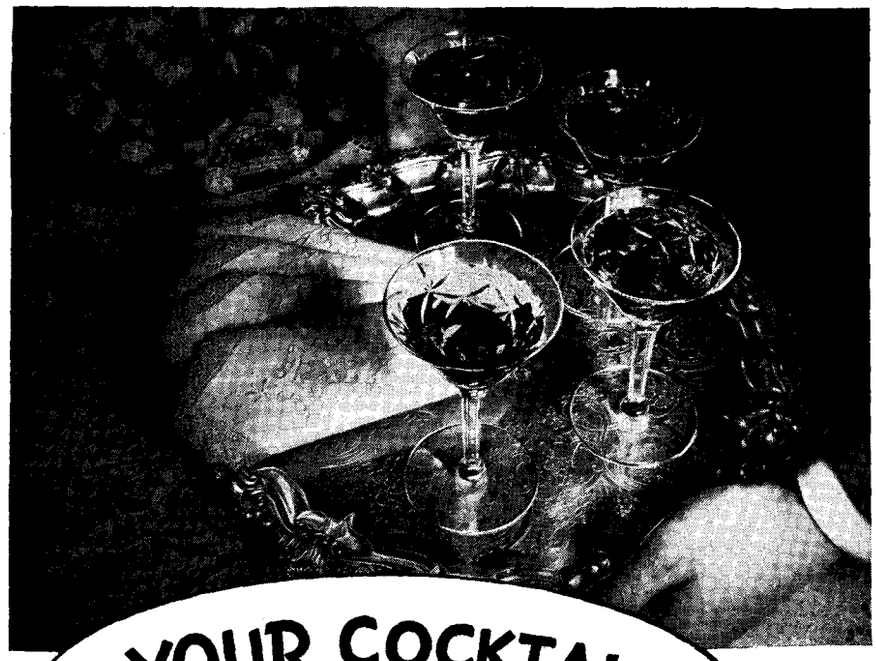

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first appeared rather shocking, because the idea of mixing gin and any sherry, let alone one of Williams & Humbert's fine products, seemed highly improper. I have since discovered, though, that using a four-to-one combination of gin and the Cedro makes a cocktail almost exactly like a Martini mixed with French vermouth, except for a shade of something that isn't exactly softness and yet is not quite the fieriness of a prewar three- or four-to-one. There is no sherry taste whatever in the result and no sweetness, but only a sort of deceptive mildness, which I find most agreeable. Cedro sherry costs about $1.75 a bottle and can be had at practically all wineshops of consequence.

The what's-the-best-American-vermouth discussion continues to rage unabated, with everybody contemptuous of everybody else's judgment on the subject. Without any hope of settling the matter, or even a desire to do so, I pass on the names of a few brands which to my taste are acceptable enough for drinking plain, with soda, or in cocktails. The Taylor Wine Company puts up such a vermouth made from wine of the Finger Lakes district, and after using it for several months, I can pronounce it satisfactory. This costs $1.19 a bottle and is sold by Sherry; Clifton Liquors, 239 East 42nd Street; the Yorkville Liquor Store, 1391 Third Avenue (79th); and Macy. Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt import from the Argentine a very pleasant dry vermouth called Annecy, which sells for $1.39 a quart, and a sweet one labelled Padilla, which costs $1.19. Both are sold by Sherry; Bates & French; H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street; Headington Wine & Liquor, 1133 Lexington Avenue (79th); and Townwall, 141 East 61st. Gambarelli & Davitto offer, under their G. & D. label, an adequate dry and a sweet vermouth, which costs seventy-nine cents just about everywhere.

—S. H.

•

COUNTRY SUNDAY: WINTER

Fenced with iron
The muttering flame,
Cold as iron
The windowpane.
Snow-whispers through
The crack of the door,
A cold foot tapping
The rugless floor.
A sky withdrawn,
Having no part
In the dead earth
Or the cold heart.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

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THE RACE TRACK

Horses on Parade

THE other afternoon the Miami Jockey Club had the important horses at Hialeah—among them Alsab, War Relic, Challedon, and Market Wise—led up and down in front of the grandstand as part of a war-charities show. A friend of mine suggests that this be followed up with a parade of the owners of these horses: Mr. Sabath, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Brann, and Mr. Tufano, walking single file in the middle of the track from the three-sixteenths pole to the clubhouse turn. He says he's never seen them except fleetingly over the heads of the crowd, arm in arm with their trainers and jockeys, being presented with cups or something. He wouldn't insist that they carry signs of identification; the public-address system would introduce them as they passed a given point. It would make a pretty picture, anyway.

I MUST admit that I'm not bubbling over with enthusiasm for Alsab. He hasn't grown much since he was taken out of training last November, and it's quite important that he should have, what with the Flamingo Stakes, the Kentucky Derby, and all the other engagements ahead of him. Horsemen insist that colts who do not develop size and substance between the ages of two and three usually are disappointments. Of course, Alsab was an exception to every rule last season and maybe he'll continue that way. Your guess is as good as mine about that. One thing which can be said in his favor is that nothing seems to give him the fidgets; another is that his action is as smooth as ever. Perhaps the most important point, though, is that he won't be ridden again by Vedder, the young man who uses his whip so immoderately. Alsab will not be out for the Bahamas Handicap this weekend. Neither will Bless Me, Amphitheatre, or Devil Diver. However, Requested—remember him?—is nearly up to a race.

IF I were to tip the winner of the Widener Handicap, and I might as well, because I've been thinking about the matter for weeks, my choice would be War Relic. His form was first-class last year: he won the Massachusetts Handicap and beat Whirlaway in the Narragansett Special. Also, he's healthy and training well. It's interesting that half a dozen jockeys, including Meade and Arcaro, have asked to ride him in the race. I daresay that the boys are as good judges of horseflesh as anyone around the tracks, and, naturally, they always keep an eye out for fat purses, which mean fat riding fees. The fee in the Widener amounts to about $5,000.

It's hard to say anything about Challedon, as he's been away from racing for more than a year. My guess is that he's too old to be taken seriously in the Widener. The horse that War Relic's owner and trainer really will have to worry about is Challedon's stablemate, Pictor. There is a race horse. He's not the handsomest you ever saw; rather, he's the strong, durable type that takes a long time to get going. You may recall that he got along fine last autumn, winning five stakes in succession. Market Wise has me stumped, for he has been running in short races, at which he's not at his best. He hurt a foot last week, so he won't be running at all for a fortnight.

THE main lesson to be learned from the Miami Beach Handicap, over the turf course, was that it pays to buy ready-made racers. Mrs. Margery Eitinger gave Conn Smythe, the hockey man, $5,000 for Sir Marlboro at Bowie, brought the horse to Hialeah, and won the $4,710 Miami Beach Handicap purse with him. My jewel of consistency is De Kalb, another $5,000 animal, who has won four purses in less than a month. If I were you, though, I wouldn't go into the horse business with the hope of picking another Sir Marlboro or a De Kalb.

AFTER Hasty Wire, who finished first the other day, was placed third (behind the horse he fouled, in accordance with Florida's new rule, which permits such a procedure), the crowd booed louder than it would have if he had been dropped out of the money altogether, as he would have been in the old days. To save you worry, I might add that the rule isn't going to be adopted in New York. —AUDAX MINOR

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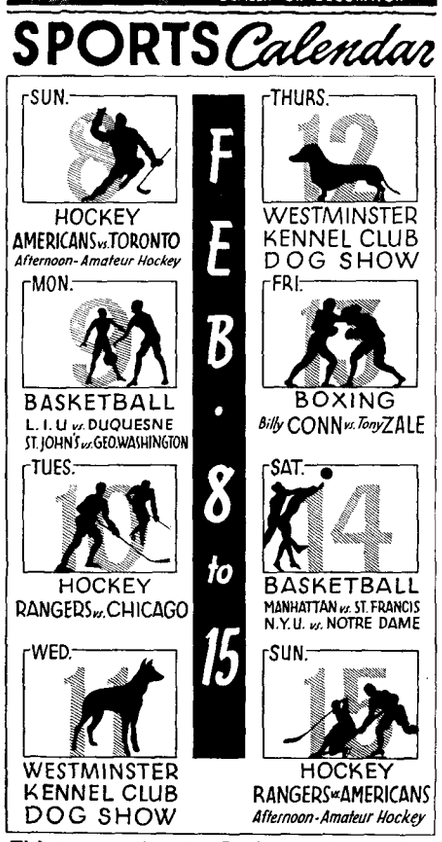
Mrs. Harry Seares will review the newly published novel, "The Son Was My Undoing," at the . . .—*Ontario (Calif.) Daily Report.*

Probably that oldest boy.



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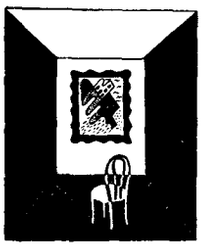
THE ART GALLERIES

Study Course

ART isn't all fun, and neither is visiting galleries. Before we can arrive at a just estimation of contemporary painting, so the scholars tell us, there are trends to be weighed, historical processes to be studied, influences to be traced, and if once in a while a gallery or a museum sets out to do a little of this weighing, studying, and tracing for us, I suppose it is up to us to take notebooks in hand, wipe that sullen look off our faces, and listen to Teacher. This week we have two shows that fall into this educational category, the Whitney's big "History of American Watercolor Painting" and the Schaeffer Galleries' "Gems of Baroque Painting." The fact that both sound a good deal like the titles of reference books is a fair tipoff to their contents.



Good as it will be for your soul, I'm afraid that you'll find the Whitney show unusually heavy going. A big one, with something more than two hundred items in the catalogue and a range that extends from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present, it is far and away the most exhaustive survey of the subject that has yet been attempted. This, of course, gives the exhibit its importance; my main complaint is that it goes too ponderously about the task. The attempt is too clearly to instruct rather than to amuse, and a kind of all-out inclusiveness in the earlier sections, coupled with the limited range of the subject matter displayed, makes this part of the exhibition dreary indeed. (Prior to 1850, it would seem, hardly a water-colorist did anything but romantic landscapes complete with lake, castle, and trees.) Another trouble is the quality of the work itself.

Nineteenth-century water-colorists, not only here but abroad, used the medium exactly as they did oils, blending color on the brush and applying it in the same opaque fashion, and not till we reach the period of the Impressionists, with their emphasis on "pure" tones and rapid handling, do we begin to see papers that carry the brilliance, freshness, and transparency we now associate with the medium. There is one group exception to this rule, and this is the naïve, or at least the more or less untrained, painters. They just hadn't been told about blending pigments, and they hadn't the training for finicking detail; they used color for its own sake, sometimes awkwardly but always boldly, and as a result such pieces as Michele Felice Cornè's crisp, blue "The Ship 'John' of Salem," the anonymous "Glass Bowl with Fruit," and the innocently idyllic "Romantic Landscape" by Cornelia A. Ludlow provide most of the enjoyment in this section.

Apart from these and a few other attractive things along the way—the swell group of Audubons, the fine Winslow Homers, and the Eakinses, for instance—the main interest for the average spectator lies in the works done after the start of the present century. I could wish that the contemporary collection had been broadened to include at least a scattering of younger artists instead of being limited to John Marin, Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and the four or five other equally well-known men who make up the group. Within these limitations the section seems intelligently selected and reasonably representative, and in paintings like Max Weber's abstract "Fisherman, Fish, and Sea Gulls," Edward Hopper's solid "My Roof," and the exquisite Marin "White Mountains, Autumn," it contains some really sparkling examples. Though the exhibition has its dull side, it is unquestionably an important one and should be seen.

THE show at the Schaeffer Galleries is smaller and rather livelier. Baroque, of course, has been coming in for a good deal of attention lately, especially among the more advanced painters. As surrealism is primarily a romantic reaction against the strict form and classic feeling of post-Impressionist and Cubist painting, so baroque represented a somewhat similar reaction against the formalism of the late Renaissance, and it is perhaps because of this that so many of the moderns—Berman, Dali, Max Ernst, and so on—have expressed admiration for this school. As an exposition of baroque method, the show has one serious flaw in that it lacks even a single painting by the school's great leader, Caravaggio. Otherwise, it is a fairly well-rounded affair, in which such minor masters of the method as Salvator Rosa, Alessandro Magnasco, Carlo Dolci, and Domenico Fetti are well and typically represented. Movement, passionate, turbulent, and unrestrained,

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was the keynote of baroque design, and if the darting diagonals and swirling spirals of such paintings as the Luca Giordano "Adoration of the Shepherds" and the Carlo Carlone "Glorification of a Hero" may seem frenetic, they at least give a clue to a good deal of the turbulence that one finds in the neo-romantics and surrealists of today.

AT the Raymond & Raymond Galleries is a membership show of gouaches, water colors, and small sculptures by An American Group. Some forty items by as many artists are listed, and for a group show the level of excellence is surprisingly high. Among the paintings, I particularly liked Adolf Dehn's strong "Nebraska Farmyard," with its house and farm buildings outlined so tellingly against the deep sky beyond, as well as the boldly designed "The Rocky Cove" by Harry Gottlieb and the sunny "Spring on Third Avenue" by Jacob Getlar Smith. The sculptures, small in number as well as in size, are of less account, and of these only Minna Harkavy's "Head—Uzbek" and perhaps Milton Hebald's "Blind Musician" are worth noting.

AT the A.C.A., they are featuring Aaron Goodelman in a sculpture show of considerable merit. Mr. Goodelman's field of interest is wide, ranging from a group of abstractions based on musical themes to a series of studies of workers at their various jobs, and his style is as yet a little uncertain, for in addition to the abstractions, it ventures at times into archaism and also into a curious kind of symbolic naturalism. Behind all this, however, a keen sense of plastic values is always present, and a healthy sort of experimentalism that makes his failures almost as interesting as his successes. Best of all, I think, are his "job" studies. It's no easy trick to present such objects as a drill press or a wheelbarrow in sculpture without banality, but in such things as his "Driller," "Bolt Catcher," and "Hod Carrier," Mr. Goodelman does it with grace and distinction.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Miss Hester Huntington, the daughter of Mrs. Hester G. Huntington of New Canaan and New York, and of Ellery C. Huntington of New York, the fiancee of Byron Clarey Darling, the son of Mrs. John C. Vedder of Rockrimmon Road, Stamford, is a guest at the home of Mrs. Vedder for the holidays.—*New Canaan Advertiser.*

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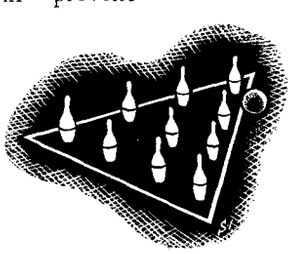
THE ARMY LIFE

XI—SNOOPING AND POOPING

WHILE tripping over roots in the woods in the course of my training as an infantryman at Camp Croft, South Carolina, I have often reflected bitterly on the tendency of some news photographers, revealing selectees' training activities to the public, to pose their subjects mainly on friendly, level ground. Perhaps I shouldn't blame the cameramen. In the woods, where ordinarily my comrades and I can be found for many hours of the day, the light is poor, the terrain uncertain, and the brambles just as likely to snag a tripod as a soldier. We do not scamper through the brush, of course, in the hope of encountering a concealed Brownie. Actually, we do it to learn the rudiments of scouting and patrolling, a couple of intimately related sports we refer to, with soldierly informality, by the alliterative synonyms "snooping and pooping" or, more rarely, "sneaking and peeping." Snooping and pooping comprise our own back-yard version of maneuvers.

Before we took up being scouts and patrols, whose surreptitious efforts are theoretically vital to the security of whatever troops they are serving, we spent a good deal of time here and there inching along the ground on our bellies in a military manner, coincidentally becoming acquainted with cover and concealment, two safety factors we have come to associate in our minds as inseparably as Peck & Peck. We are urged, whether in combat or mock combat, always to keep on the alert for cover (which will prevent us from being irreparably damaged by ill-intentioned bullets in the neighborhood) and concealment (which will prevent anyone in a position to shoot us from ascertaining our precise whereabouts). It is deemed advisable, whenever the enemy is threateningly nearby, to proceed toward your immediate goal, such as an attractive bit of cover, in a grovelling manner, and accordingly we have been taught the finer points of two more allied subjects—a terrestrial pair known as the creep and the crawl. A member of an army must know, as the saying goes, how to travel on his stomach. The crawl is slightly faster than the creep, which is slightly faster than the pace of a retired and sluggish turtle. After a session of either, we are always glad to return to the comparative luxury of standing up.



In snooping and pooping, it is equally necessary at times for us to move on a loftier plane—specifically, to climb a tree and take observations there. A while ago an optimistic lieutenant asked me to climb one that I doubt could have been scaled by an African pygmy. (I am five feet six and was born on Claremont Avenue.) Upon reluctantly accepting my apologies, he ordered me instead to secrete myself behind a nearby log. I did so, and had no sooner adequately covered and concealed myself than I realized that my nook was shared by an interesting variety of insects, many of them, evidently occupied with some maneuvers of their own, determined to conceal themselves on me and the rest merely scouting me appraisingly. I remained there apprehensively for an hour or so, and when I finally crept off, quite a large number of my new friends went along with me.

THE minor movements of individual soldiers are part of a larger and grander scheme. Scouting and patrolling are usually elements of what is formally entered on our schedule as "Tactical Training of the Infantry Soldier" and is less stolidly referred to by our officers as "Our little problem for today." Our little problems may involve anything from a couple of platoons to a battalion. Whatever the number of the participants, they seem to be universally afflicted with an irresistible temptation to capture someone, even though they are members of a reconnaissance patrol and have express orders to return with nothing but information. This acquisitive instinct leads to complications when allowed to run riot; frequently, patrolling parties recruited from among inexperienced soldiers return from their ventures escorting prisoners who do not officially count, because they are either friendly troops or completely detached ones belonging to other battalions and merely stationed in the woods to hear a lecture. Nevertheless, we all persist enthusiastically in bagging whatever human game we can espy and in depositing our catch at the feet of our commanding officers with the zest and glee of a young retriever fetching home his first decoy duck.

The purpose of all this training in the woods was to teach us not only how to avoid being shot but how to get into a position from which we can most effectively shoot at other people. Such schooling would be almost valueless, of course, if we weren't simultaneously given instruction in the theory and practice of weapons, which might be called, I suppose, snapping and popping. We spent a number of weeks marching out to various ranges, where in time we became fairly proficient at handling an assortment of hardware as formidable as any Mayor LaGuardia ever dumped into the bay. The Army operates on the theory that any individual under its jurisdiction can be taught to shoot almost anything, and, if pressed, a military instructor could no doubt train the most tenderfoot Boy Scout to operate a tommy gun, or even a poisoned dart. We stuck to weapons regarded as more orthodox in infantry warfare: non-automatic, semi-automatic, and automatic rifles; machine guns, mortars, and pistols. Before actually firing any of these, we simulated the act many times, often using dummy ammunition in what the Army calls "dry runs." Although all of these tools of our trade seemed inexpressibly dangerous when clasped in our hands, we were advised that the pistol, the smallest and puniest of the lot, was really the most fearsome. Its barrel is so short, our officers explained grimly, that it is apt to go off in any old direction unless special caution is taken to point it in only the right one. We went through the pistol phase of our training safely but so swiftly that we were unable to try out a formula to promote steadiness of hand outlined to us by a lieutenant, who suggested that we divert ourselves in what spare time we could find by keeping our arms extended with canteens tied to our wrists, maintaining this position as long as possible and, as we grew more expert, filling the canteens with gradually increasing amounts of water. This system, he said, would accustom our arms to support a pistol's weight without quivering, and in time, he guaranteed, a loaded pistol would seem no heavier, in contrast to a loaded canteen, than a hangnail. On the range, my outstretched arm trembled like that of a socially aspiring Westchester housewife about to shake hands with Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly.

ALMOST anyone who has been out on the streets these past few months must at one time or another have gazed with admiration, if not complete understanding, at a soldier's chest gaudily bedecked with one or more silver medals, emblems of his superior marks-

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manship. These decorations, which soldiers are allowed to purchase after being notified of their scores on the range, are usually a source of great satisfaction to the wearer, but I am sorry to say that I could never be wholly satisfied with the one medal I would have a right to wear if my conscience would permit me to buy it. It is true that I was credited with an excellent score with the automatic rifle, but the whole thing happened so fast and so unexpectedly that I have not yet been able to bring myself to believe in it. The automatic rifle is a weapon of extraordinary speed, being able to emit streams of bullets as rapidly as anyone can cater to its voracious appetite for ammunition, and it is also a spirited piece, being addicted to hopping around wildly while in action. When it came my turn, some days ago, to fire fifteen bullets in exceedingly quick succession, it was about all I could do to clutch the trigger and hang on—two uninspired acts which somehow produced, to my astonishment, a fine and lofty score. By the time it was my turn to fire some single rifle shots, as a further test of skill, an excited and respectful crowd, hoping to witness additional spectacular deeds, had gathered around me, murmuring. It was under those circumstances that, for my first shot, I took careful aim, squeezed the trigger tenderly, and missed the target clean. The crowd tiptoed away, leaving me alone with my shame. —Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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Place the tray so that all the cross pieces, or grid members, LEAN AWAY from you. Insert the Cube Release Lever BEHIND the first cross piece, and then pull the handle toward you. This will straighten up the cross piece, and loosen the first two cubes, nearest you. To remove each cube from the tray, insert the handle of the lever IN FRONT OF the first cross piece, between it and the cube, and use the lever handle as a sort of spoon to lift out the cube. Or, simply turn the tray upside down, and the cubes will drop out.—*From the pamphlet of instruction for the Norge refrigerator.*

Why the hell didn't you say so in the first place?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR

[From PM]

When the parleys ended AFL and CIO were on speaking terms again.

Yet it is also known that despite these steps toward amity Philip Murray saw no immediate possibility of uniting labor's house. He said privately:

"There can't be such a wedding for a long time. It would produce too many illegitimate children."

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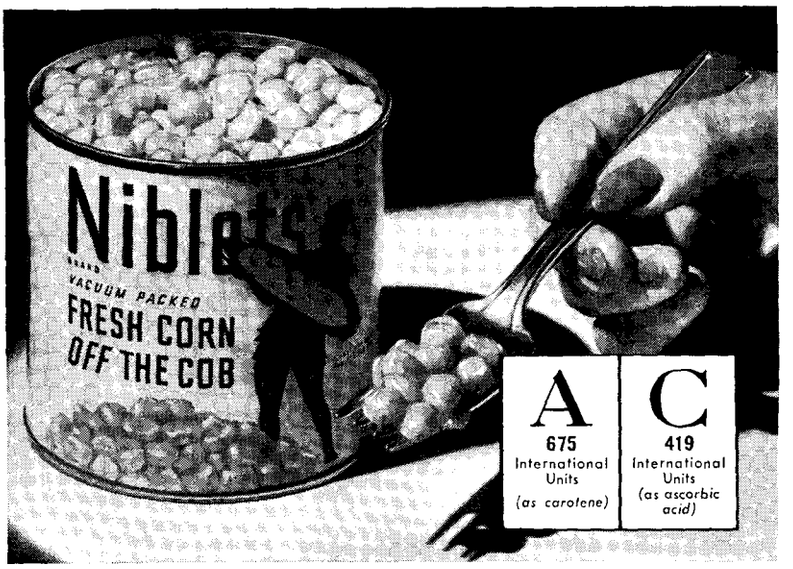

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Good Movie

"KINGS ROW" will give you that rare glow which comes from seeing a job done crisply, competently, and with confidence. It has such distinction that it is plainly too good for the shoddy fellowship of the "ten best pictures of the year." Let us simply record that in February, 1942, Warner Brothers produced a good movie.

People who live in small towns really don't know any more about their friends and neighbors than do people who live in cities; the very fact that they see them every day, sitting on their front porches or strolling down to the village, prevents it. In these terms, growth or degeneration is imperceptible, and a catastrophe which is inevitable seems, when it finally occurs, merely inexplicable. (Pinch me, somebody; I'm talking this way about a *movie*.) This is the theme of the violent, chaotic novel by Henry Bellamann on which "Kings Row" is based. Casey Robinson, who did the adaptation, has done much to clarify the story and nothing to prettify it. He has gracefully dodged a good many censorship taboos; when he came up against a taboo too big to dodge—specifically, the one against incest—he left the problem to Sam Wood, the director, who found a perfectly adequate solution.

At "Gone with the Wind," I got a severe attack of the bends before they had even finished fighting the War Between the States, so it is high praise when I say that "Kings Row," which runs two hours and seven minutes, left me as fresh as a daisy. I wish I could understand the mechanics of the picture—how they combined dialogue, costuming, and set design to convey the variety of the social structure in an American town of the nineteen-hundreds, at the same time never forgetting its spot-on-the-map unimportance. Anyway, they did it. Of course, every movie has faults; in the case of "Kings Row," the worst fault is the musical background, which telegraphs all the punches.

The cast includes Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ouspenskaya, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, Ronald Reagan, ROBERT CUMMINGS, and ANN SHERIDAN (Warner Brothers' billing). ANN SHERIDAN is completely convincing as a good-natured slut from the wrong side of the tracks, and ROBERT CUMMINGS, as the boy through whose eyes the story is seen, does well with a difficult sort of rôle. The Messrs. Coburn and Rains impersonate as psychopathic a pair of physicians as you'd find walking around outside of an asylum. It is the peculiar pleasure of Dr. Gordon (Mr. Coburn) to perform amputations without anesthetics, and Dr. Tower (Mr. Rains), no less peculiarly, keeps his daughter Cassandra (Betty Field) shut up in his house, away from the young men. Ronald Reagan capably breezes through the part of the town sport who becomes a victim of Dr. Gordon, and Judith Anderson will make your blood run cold with her account of the awful thing that happened when the deceased Dr. Gordon was laid out in his parlor.

WELL, let us return to our turkeys. "Three Cockeyed Sailors" is English slapstick, incomprehensible to most of us Yanks, I fear. "New Wine" is a virulently corny musical based on the life of Franz Schubert, whose life must have been as dull as any you could find in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." "A Yank on the Burma Road" and "The Body Disappears" are the names of a couple of other pictures I have seen lately. Poor me.

A man from Mars would have some trouble fathoming the ideology of "Woman of the Year," with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Matter of fact, I happen to have as a house guest a man from Mars, a little green chap only two feet high, and I told him the plot of "Woman of the Year," to see what he'd make of it. "It's about this fellow who writes a sports column for a newspaper," I told him. "He falls in love with this woman who writes for the same paper, an expert on international affairs. Well, they finally get married, but their jobs come between them, so—"

"I know," he interrupted. "So the girl finds some way of persuading him to give up writing stories about games played by other people and take a grown-up interest in the collapse of this planet. What a good idea!"

"Sorry, pal," I said, as gently as possible. "Just the other way round. It's a natural for one of the ten best pictures of the year, though."

"Nuts!" he said. "I'll never learn." I guess I never will, either.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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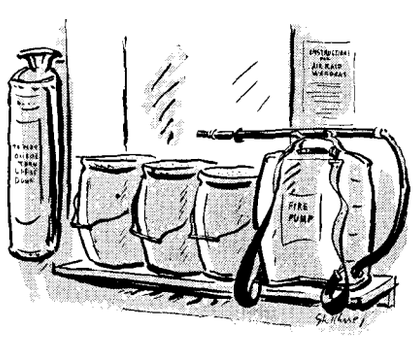
JANUARY 15

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

MISS JANET FLANNER'S account, in *The New Yorker* for December 13th, of Thomas Mann's homonym troubles with the two Angells at Yale University is amusing but unfortunately inaccurate. As the then "mere graduate student," I should like the privilege of relating the accurate version in your columns.

In the first place, not James Rowland Angell but Charles M. Seymour was the president of Yale at the time of Mann's visit there in 1938. My part in the establishment of the Thomas Mann Collection at Yale was as follows: The first letter I received from Thomas Mann reached me in June, 1935, when I was at the University of Oregon. In December, 1936, I wrote to Thomas Mann from New Haven suggesting the desirability of establishing a collection of his manuscripts, books, papers, and so forth, eventually to be placed in the Yale Library. His reply was immediate and earnest. Fully aware that I was the same Angell with whom he had corresponded in Oregon, Dr. Mann offered his entire support for the project. That letter, many pages in length, is now in the Yale Library. In April, 1937, Dr. Mann invited me to meet him in New York for an extended discussion of plans for the collection. Upon returning to Europe, Dr. Mann sent me thirty-five manuscripts numbering hundreds of pages, scores of books, and various items of memorabilia. Armed with this imposing array of materials, I at once began negotiations with the Yale University Library for the establishment and support of a Thomas Mann Collection. These were successful.

It was originally intended to exhibit the collection in the fall of 1937, but when Dr. Mann informed me that he



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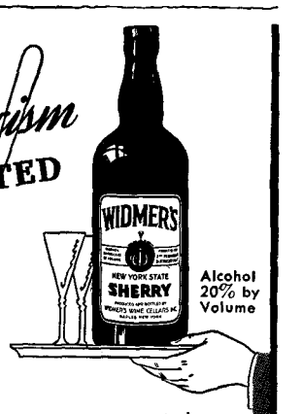

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would like to be present for the occasion, the date was fixed for February, 1938. In October, 1937, I carried the information to President Seymour that Thomas Mann would be available for an address at the opening of the collection. In due time, Thomas Mann accepted President Seymour's invitation to make an address. In January, Dr. Mann decided upon his own initiative (so one of his letters to me states) that of the two choices offered him, luncheon at my home or an official and large-scale university affair, he preferred the more simple occasion. Thus, on February 25, 1938, on the day that the university opened the Thomas Mann Collection, Thomas Mann, Frau Mann, Miss Caroline Newton, Mrs. H. T. Lowe-Porter, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Knopf were luncheon guests at my home. All of these distinguished persons, I believe, knew weeks or months in advance that I was not the president of the university. Later we were joined by Miss Erika Mann, and all of us, including Mrs. Angell, went to hear Thomas Mann speak on the occasion of the opening of the Thomas Mann Collection. I occupied a seat on the platform with Dr. Mann. So far as I know, no one of the three thousand individuals in Woolsey Hall that day harbored the illusion that I had usurped the seat or the office belonging to President Seymour.

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH W. ANGELL

•

PAULDING, O., Nov. 15—A jury here yesterday found Robert Edwards, 19, Grover Hill, guilty of assaulting a 17-year-old-girl after deliberating four hours.
—*Toledo Blade.*

Introvert type, probably.

•

Mr. Goelet inherited the house, which has been in the Goelet family since 1880. When a boy he called it his home. As Mr. Goelet was sixty-one years old when he died the structure must be fifty years old, real estate men reasoned.—*The Herald Tribune.*

A realtor *has* to be quick at figures.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "The Pocket Book of Etiquette," by Margery Wilson*]

NOTES ON DOORS. A door is usually indicative of what lies beyond it and certainly should present a well-groomed appearance—without finger-marks and storm-spots. . . . There is a great deal of drama in a door. It might disclose anything.

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BOOKS

Three War Books

DURING the break-through, the Germans, to impede the French Army's movements, drove the fleeing civilians onto the main roads. When the time came for the Nazis to use these roads the civilians were still there, still fleeing. The problem was quickly solved. Over whatever shrieking refugees were not able to get out of the way, the swastikaed tanks and armored trucks rolled and rolled, leaving in their wake pinkish-white blobs and shreds and puddles and ribbons of twitching flesh and powdered bone. What had been old men and women and children was now part of the New Order.

So Wallace R. Deuel's "People Under Hitler" will tell you, and credibly, too. The book is quite instructive. It also explains how a people can, in a few years and under proper leadership, learn to enjoy mashing small French children into a pulp as if they were insects underfoot. Without some exposition such as Mr. Deuel's, the rest of us might find totalitarian habits puzzling.

The first hundred and thirty-five pages of Mr. Deuel's book (he was Berlin correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* from 1934 to January, 1941) try to expose the basic qualities in the German people that made Hitler's success possible. These pages are interesting, speculative, and hardly new. The author's ideas boil down to a simple formula. A neurotic sense of insecurity, plus a compensating passion for "order," produces the German. If this is true, the solution of the problem may lie either in eliminating the sense of insecurity or eliminating the German.

The second part of "People Under Hitler" contains the real stuff. It is called "Brave New World" and is to my knowledge the first writing to offer anything like a detailed picture of the way Germans actually live and think. Briefly, the essence of personal life in Germany is that there is no personal life. The ultimate aim of the Nazi system is the dissolution of the individual personality. Lest this should seem mere verbiage, I refer you to Mr. Deuel's documentary references, demonstrating that the German citizen's life is regimented from before the cradle to after the grave. This is literal truth; the regulations even limit and prescribe the kind of graveclothes the corpse may wear and the tombstone under which it, if not needed for any state purpose, may lie.

Here are full details of the race laws. Here are the facts on the Nazi sterilization and castration program and on the outright murder of the "unfit" (a hundred thousand killed in 1939 and 1940 alone, by methods not divulged but believed to be "experimental"). Here are the incredible marriage laws and a description of how Germany has been transformed into a gigantic stud farm where human brutes are bred for strength, fanaticism, and stupidity. Here is light on the manner in which women have been enserfed, the double standard made official, bastardy encouraged, and the foundations of polygamy laid. Here is a description of the circuses by which the little man is fooled, the techniques through which the businessman and the shopkeeper are destroyed, and the way in which the Nazi "economic miracle" is effected—a method that turns out to be little more than plain piracy. Here, finally, is evidence of, not mere rhetoric about, the most fundamental of all the Nazi policies—the systematic assassination of the free intelligence. (Says the Führer in "Mein Kampf," "The greatest of spirits can be liquidated if its bearer is beaten to death with a rubber truncheon.")

This is an excellent book to read to prepare yourself in advance, just in case some Americans a year or so from now start suggesting that maybe after all we can do business with Hitler.

RICHARD HILLARY'S "Falling Through Space" opens *forte* with a terrifying account of the author's plunge into the North Sea from his flaming fighter plane. Some effects of this fall through space: a long agony of hospitalization (in the course of which fighter-pilot Hillary acquired four new eyelids and a new upper lip), the conversion of a Rosa Lewis-Cavendish Hotel gilded youth into a responsible member of society, and this volume.

Unless you are of Mr. Hillary's own

"How can seven people have fun?"

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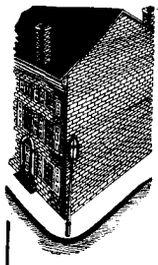

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generation—he's twenty-two, and I intend no irony in saying that he is not old for his age—you will probably skip his Oxford reminiscences and his views on war and patriotism, which are, precisely as you would expect, on a dormitory-discussion level. What gives his brief book real quality is the first-hand stuff on the R.A.F.: its early training methods, the kind of human material it worked with, the curious professional feeling that developed (so strong that it seems almost as if some of the pilots loved their planes more than they hated the Nazis), odd accidents, the evolution of maneuvers for beating an enemy superior in numbers and mechanical organization—all grand shoptalk threaded on a string of extraordinary anecdotes of daring and suffering and ingenuity.

The latter part of the story—Hillary's hospitalization—also has a grim interest. You are not likely to forget quite soon enough the story of the pilot so badly burned that five years will be necessary in which to build him a new face. Hillary's own experiences were sufficiently frightful, too, and all the careful upper-class understatement in which he has been drilled cannot disguise the fact that he is of the stuff of which heroes are made.

There have been many R.A.F. books and there will and should be more. This one is top-shelf.

I DON'T suppose the tenuous novels of Kathleen Coyle will ever command a large audience. However, "To Hold Against Famine," because of its theme, may win her new readers, and deservedly. It deals with the plight, largely psychological, of three very different women living in occupied Paris: Mme. Masson, a distinguished doctor; her daughter Marianne, a febrile type whose neuroses have deepened as the result of rape by a couple of representatives of the wave of the future; and the friend of the two women, Suzanne, courageous and optimistic. Miss Coyle writes so that we see the war from an unusual and entirely feminine oblique angle. No politics, no male preoccupations with right and wrong or with problems of warfare; only the female's fierce sense of outrage that she, the physical bearer of the continuity of civilization, has become a cipher and a slave.

Devious, elliptical, and perhaps somewhat strained, the story nevertheless generates considerable emotional force, particularly in those passages in which Marianne's hysteria is projected. It is

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certainly one of the most original novels produced by the war.

IT is hard to believe that Daphne du Maurier's "Frenchman's Creek" is the work of the hand responsible for the enchanting "The du Mauriers" and "Gerald: A Portrait." This lushly nonsensical story of a bored English noblewoman who fell in love with an Errol Flynn French pirate is written by a female Sabatini. If read as a transliteration into popular terms of Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," it may prove amusing, but I cannot see that it has any other value. I have not read "Rebecca," but persons of judgment assure me that it is a highly adult thriller. Perhaps we should compliment Miss du Maurier on growing younger with each book. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

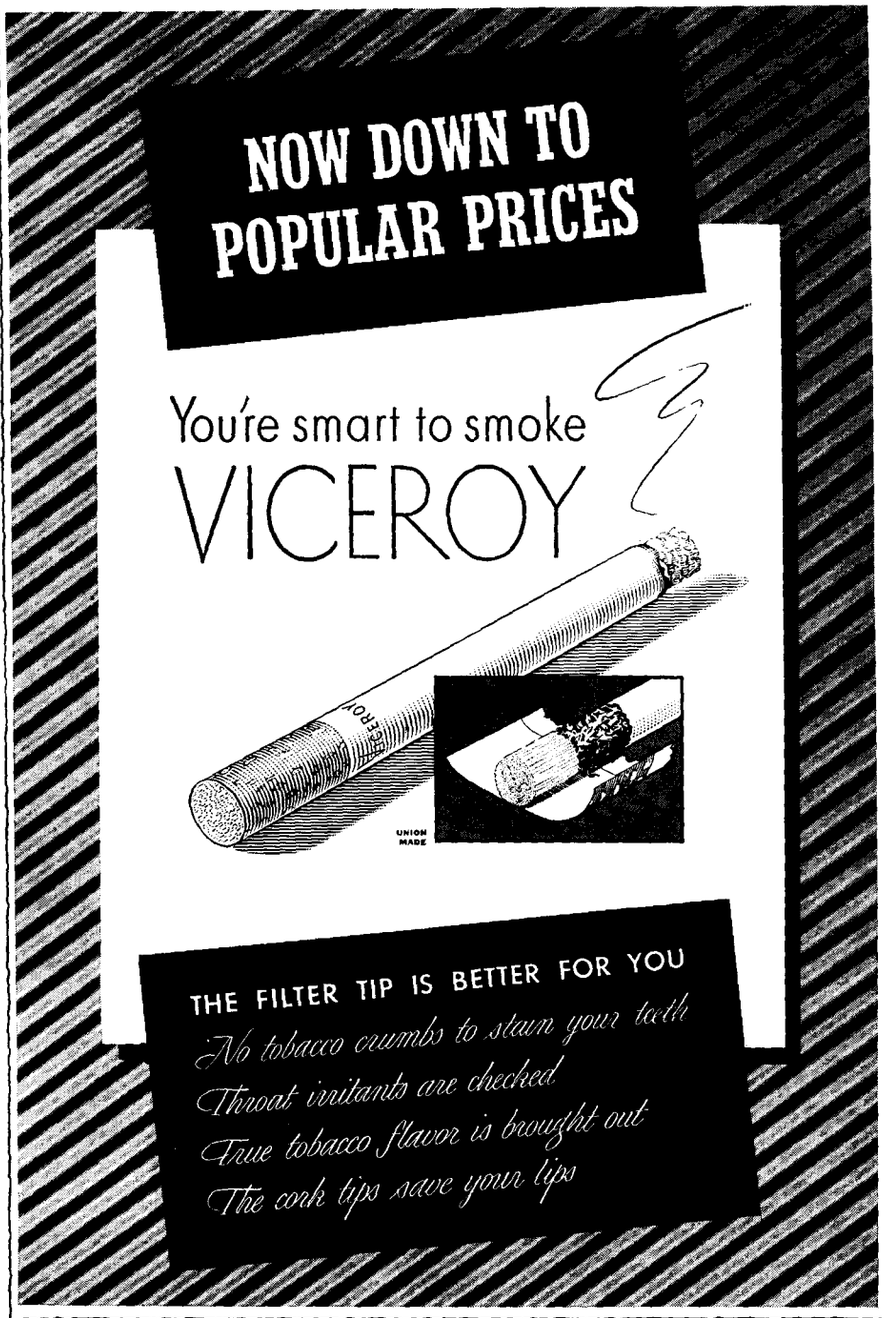
FICTION

THE LAST TO REST, by Ernest Raymond. This novel of a middle-aged, middle-class English father in the disturbing days from 1938 to 1940 might serve as a guide to civilian defenders in this country. Here are the weeks of rather foolish preparation, drilling and feeling important and sheepish over practically nothing; the later weeks and months of fast-approaching danger; and at last the danger itself, full blast.

ATTACK IN THE DESERT, by Michael Home. A lively, well-contrived adventure story. The locale is southern Libya, the time 1940, the chief characters are a young British pilot and a mysterious Englishman who knows the desert like his own back yard. It is violating no secret to say that they are father and son, though they are at first unknown to each other, but Mr. Home gets a couple of new twists out of an old situation and writes a thoroughly entertaining yarn besides.

BRAVE GENERAL, by Herbert Gorman. A novel about France in the eighteen-eighties. The hero, though, is real: General Boulanger, who, after serving with distinction in the war against Prussia, became involved in the highly intricate French politics of the time. The French atmosphere is soundly presented and there's a romance that is touching and credible.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF AMERICA, by Branch Cabell. A novel about Virginia in the early sixteen-hundreds, when it was not yet Virginia and the Spaniards were just coming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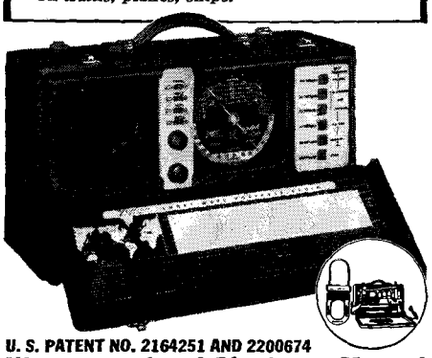

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into a new land inhabited by rather agreeable savages. Although his story is, for a change, set in a real country and has some basis in historical fact, Mr. Cabell's style of narration has not changed.

HOUSE FOR THE SPARROW, by Julia Truitt Yenni. One of those irresponsible, mad families that are quite good fun to read about: Grandma did a Nellie Bly around the world in the eighteen-eighties; Pa, a news photographer, can't quite make ends meet or hang curtain rods straight; Clara longs for respectability; Sue wants a house with a flat roof; Weston, aged six, is fond of training rats. Amusing, complicated, fresh, and alive.

GENERAL

THE PHILIPPINES, by Joseph Ralston Hayden. This huge work, by a former Vice-Governor of the Philippine Islands, traces the evolution of the Philippines as a new, semi-autonomous nation; as a "happier and more fruitful" example of colonial administration than any other in modern times; as a case history in the adaptation of American democratic procedures to an Oriental, partly feudal culture; and as a study in protected constitutionalism. Readable, exhaustively documented, and evidently definitive. Photographs and maps.

RETURN TO THE FUTURE, by Sigrid Undset, translated by Henriette C. K. Naeseth. The story of a journey on two levels: Mme. Undset's account of the invasion of Norway and her escape via Sweden, Russia, and Japan to the United States, plus her reflections on totalitarianism and the democratic future, which rests with us, she thinks. The tone can only be called noble. An early version of the first chapter appeared in *Life*. The translation is generally good.

THUS SPEAKS GERMANY, edited by W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter. An out-of-their-own-mouths compilation of the words of German leaders, including the indictments of their country by Goethe, Heine, Nietzsche, and others, as well as the chauvinism of Clausewitz, Bismarck, Stresemann, Spengler, and the rest, showing that the ideas Hitler capitalized on have been the predominant ideas of the German people since Frederick the Great. Penetrating foreword by Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

ATHENE PALACE, by Countess R. G. Waldeck. Life among the odd collection of guests at Bucharest's luxury hotel between June, 1940, and

A.W.V.S.

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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
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66th ANNUAL DOG SHOW
Continuous judging 10 A.M.–10 P.M.

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January, 1941, as recorded by an American journalist who observed such events as Carol's abdication, the rise of the Iron Guard, and the influx of the Germans. Some new material on the Nazis' inefficiency as colonizers. Shrewdly done, though you may feel that the author is too complaisant with all concerned.

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR, by Hector C. Bywater. A reissue. Written in 1925 by a British naval commentator, this famous prophecy of our war with Japan is a realistic history of an imaginary Japanese-American war in 1931-33, plausibly documented and absorbingly handled. We lick 'em in the end, after some early setbacks. Up-to-date introduction by Hanson W. Baldwin.

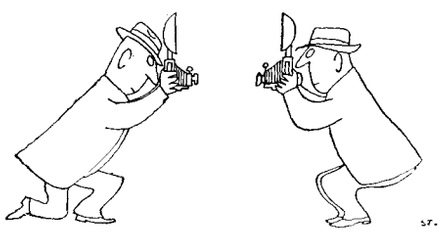
POST-WAR WORLDS, by P. E. Corbett. The author, who is more concerned with workable means than abstract ends, gives us a brief critical review of the various plans for world organization, notes the salvable aspects of the League of Nations, and makes some modest proposals of his own. An excellent analysis.

THE AIR RAID SAFETY MANUAL, by Captain Burr Leyson, U.S.A. Elementary handbook of air-raid information, covering home preparations, types of bombs, gas, shelters, training for wardens, and so on. Diagrams, and a foreword by John C. McDonnell, Commanding General in Charge of Air Raid Safety on the East Coast.

TROPIC LANDFALL, by Clifford Gessler. Chronicles of the explorers, native kings, missionaries, whalers, small-boat navigators, sugar factors, naval men, and others who have made Honolulu a great Pacific port. Brisk writing and more detailed than other recent books on Hawaii. A prologue covers the Pearl Harbor attack. Illustrated by A. S. MacLeod.

RADIO GOES TO WAR, by Charles J. Rolo. The story of international short-wave radio: how it has been developed as an instrument of war, what use we are making of it, and so forth. A timely and informative job, clearly presented. Sections of the book have appeared in several magazines. Introduction by Johannes Steel.

THE DAYS OF CREATION, by Willy



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Your wine dealer sells six delightful dry, table-wine types: Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Rhine, Chablis and Sauternes. He also offers six dessert-wine types, each having an alcoholic strength of 20% by volume: Port, White Port, Muscatel, Tokay, Sherry and Pale Dry Sherry.

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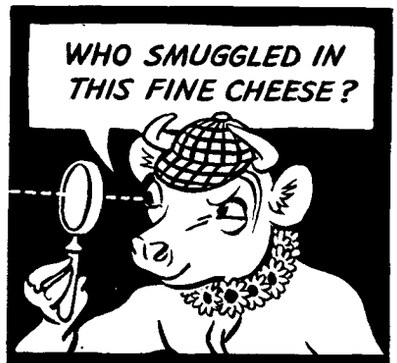

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You'll remember with thanks the day you discovered the ALEXANDRA with its generously portioned, appetizingly served, deliciously prepared luncheons, dinners and cocktails.

Luncheon 12 to 3 P.M.
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Ley. The author of "The Lungfish and the Unicorn" gives us a short "biography of our planet," which he has divided into seven periods loosely corresponding to the seven days of Genesis. He is definitely bullish about mankind and expects us to survive even a possible solar explosion. Fascinating popular science. Drawings.

How to Do Practically Anything, by Jack Goodman and Alan Green, illustrated by Anne Cleveland. A handy guide "to complete chaos," being a manual of ineptitude dealing with such fields as skiing, baby-managing, weekending, photography, reducing, car-driving, dog-raising, and boat-sailing. Recommended, in a preface by Frank Sullivan, to all able-bodied men in the United States who have ten thumbs.

The Telephone Booth Indian, by A. J. Liebling. A gathering of factual pieces from the pages of this magazine. Here are Mr. Liebling's mordant Profile of Roy Howard, his hilarious account of the denizens of the Jollity Building (whence comes the title of the book), the life and works of the Brothers Shubert, and seven other lively and knowing excursions into the habits of prize-fighters, checkroom girls, and strange mid-Manhattan folk in general, including Olsen and Johnson.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Murder with Southern Hospitality, by Leslie Ford. This is the nasty way we've always hoped to see someone deal with Southern hospitality. In Miss Ford's latest story, her ladies decide to visit the historic city of Natchez, where Montagues and Capulets bloom like crazy. The murdered woman is just some old garden clubber from the No'th.

Murder, Chop Chop, by James Norman. John Tate, an American by birth and a scholar by trade, finds himself in Lingtung, China, as a counter-espionage agent. He meets some delightful people: spies, generals, bandits—the sort of people one does meet in his business. Nice plot, which unfortunately develops into light entertainment only.

Farewell, Pretty Ladies, by Chris Massie. A not too successful bid for horror in this story, which takes place in London, of a foolish woman and a man who is hanged. It seems he made a hobby of dressing girls in old-fashioned clothing; not out of passion, mind you, but just because he was a fool for it. May stun you in spots, but the heroine, Mifanwy, who tells the story, is pretty hard to take.

Fear and Miss Betony, by Dorothy Bowers. Miss Betony receives a letter from Grace Aram, a former pupil, urging her to come for a visit. Miss Aram runs a school and nursing home in Martinmas, England, and a slight case of poisoning has been discovered there. There is mounting suspense in this very fine tale of arsenic and education.

They Tell No Tales, by Manning Coles. Another superb spy story by the author of "A Toast to Tomorrow." This time, Mr. Hambleton of the British Intelligence operates on home grounds and exposes the spies responsible for the mysterious sinking of ships leaving Portsmouth Dockyard. Written with Mr. Coles' usual brillance.

Epitaph for Lydia, by Virginia Rath. Lydia Courtney, wealthy and eccentric young orphan, falls into a dead faint at the sight of a painting of some sand dunes. As she keels over she mumbles two lines of poetry, and Michael Dundas, a San Francisco amateur detective, catches her, the two lines of poetry, and eventually, when she is killed, her murderer. A good solution.

The Widening Stain, by W. Bolingbroke Johnson. It seems that there are more than books in an Eastern university library. Love and murder hover near the first editions. There are some ruthless characterizations of college professors, one of whom is a limerick addict, in this first mystery.

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Comic attitude

Hands spread wide or folded one over the other on stomach. Legs wide and bent at knee. Arms akimbo (as near as position of hands permits). Mouth slightly open, under lip pendulous. Eyes important—bulging, staring, leering, squinting. Various positions of head.

Disdain, disgust

Right hip thrown to right; left leg inbent to right; chin sunk and drawn against neck; arms hanging at sides; curling lip; glance to left.

Renouncement, farewell.

The hips thrown to the right, the right leg straight and firm; the left leg lax; its knee inbent toward the right knee; head and body inclined to right; arms hanging at sides; glance to the left; appropriate facial expression.—*From "Acting in Opera," by George E. Shea.*

If we close our eyes, we can see the Met.

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Any Time is SHERRY TIME!

Genuine Spanish Sherry is the most versatile of wines. It may be very dry, very sweet—or any variation in between. Imported Sherry is suitable to serve at any time—between meals, during meals, or at the cocktail hour. Sherry is easy to serve; requires no mixing; and keeps indefinitely—even after the bottle is opened.

WILLIAMS *and* HUMBERT SHERRIES

THE wines shown here are among the famous Sherries produced by Williams & Humbert, one of the grand old firms in the world Sherry trade. This great English-Spanish house owns extensive vineyards and bodegas in Jerez, Spain, from which region come all the genuine Sherries in the world. Williams & Humbert Dry Wines—Pando, Dry Sack, Cleopatra, Cedro and Molino—are ideal at room temperature. For those who prefer chilled Sherry, keep an extra bottle in the refrigerator.

[illegible] —***Amontillado***—A fine, dry, pale, wine of superior quality, yet not unduly expensive. Among those preferring Sherry to a cocktail, this wine is very popular, served chilled.

[illegible] —Pale and fairly dry; generally preferred well chilled. Decidedly the wine to choose if you want a good imported Sherry at moderate cost. Ideal for cocktail parties. Cedro replaces imported Vermouth for your Martinis.

[illegible] —A famous Sherry, greatly appreciated by the many who enjoy real depth of flavor. Mellow and yet not actually sweet, this off-dry Sherry is bound to be a great popular favorite at any time.

—Pride of Williams & Humbert. One of the world's favorite aperitif wines at the cocktail hour or before dinner. Fascinatingly different. Exquisitely balanced between sweet and dry. Serve at room temperature or keep an extra bottle in your refrigerator ready to treat your friends with the best obtainable.

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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

Scouting the crop before auctions open. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreibe

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN MULLINS, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

Down in Marion County, South Carolina, on a fertile sandy plain you'll find Mullins.

Mullins is a tobacco town—one of the scores and scores of Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco.

In Mullins this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the milder, better-tasting tobacco—yes, 34% more to bring you the finer, the lighter, the *naturally* milder tobaccos you enjoy in your Lucky Strike.

This was in no way unusual. Last season, in every one of 119 markets all through tobaccoland, we paid well above the average market price for tobacco—and the best we bought goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts who know these facts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts!

* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO

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